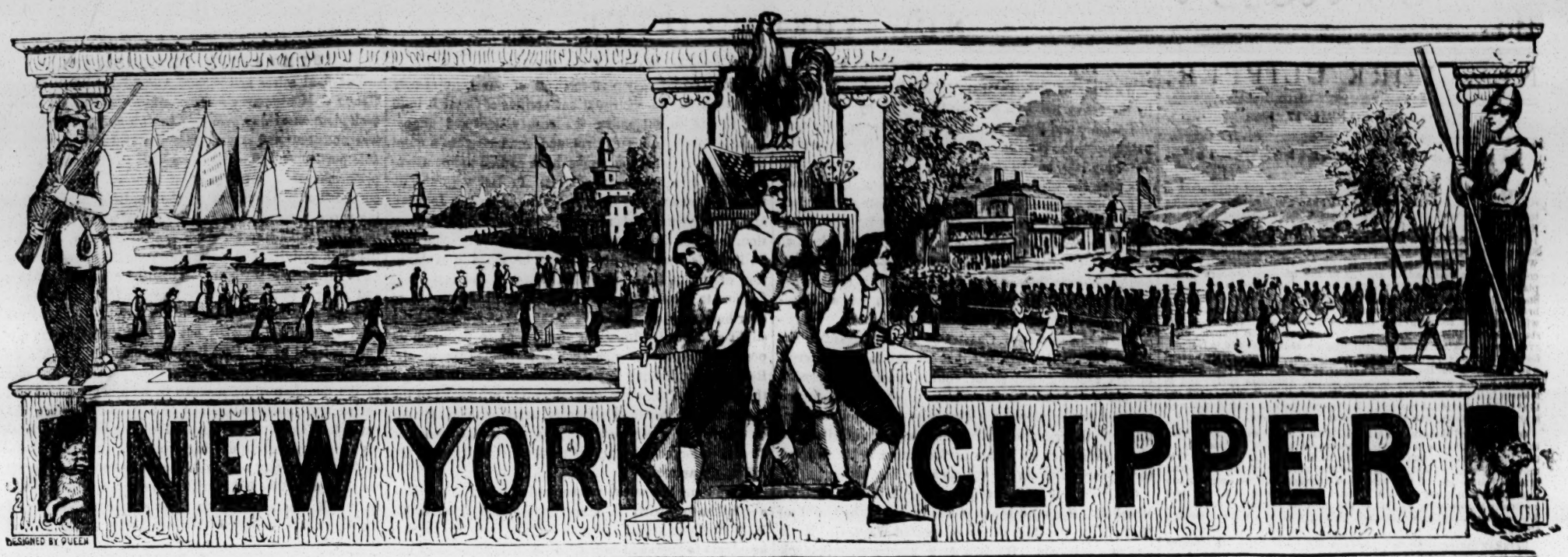


Vol. V.—No. 52. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858. Four Cents.

THE MANIAC HUNTER;

AND THE FEARFUL PERIL OF THE TRAPPER'S FAMILY.

PETER WINTER was one of the early settlers in Arkansas—a bold, hardy man—made of just such stuff as is necessary to the conquering and subduing of a new and wild country. His cabin was close by the White River, and ere many years he had a broad piece of land smilling under the influence of successful cultivation. His time was about equally divided between the field and the forest, though he had more liking for the latter than for the former, the rifle being a more agreeable companion than the plow. His family consisted of his wife and two children. Susan Winter was not yet thirty-five, and though living in the wild woods, yet she was fair and modest, and possessed a fund of sound sense that would have done credit to a better education. Andrew, a bright, apt boy, was six years of age, while little Lucy, the laughing, romping girl, was only four.

One evening, as Peter and his family were at supper, the door opened, and a large powerfully-built man entered.

"Ah, John—is this you?" said Peter, as he recognized his visitor.

"Yes," answered the new-comer, in thick tones, at the same time reeling towards the fire-place.

"What?—drunk again, John?" resumed the hunter, in a reproachful tone.

"Been drunk a fortnight, Pete,' grumbled the man, looking up with a vacant leer, evidently unable to see distinctly. "Give me a bed old feller."

"Certainly you shall have a bed, John.—But won't you have something to eat first?" asked Susan.

"Eh—Suke Winter! Egad—I will eat." He sat up to the table, but his appetite proved treacherous, and he moved back again without tasting food. As he gained the chimney corner he drew a bottle from his pocket, but it was empty."

"Drank the last drop just afore I come in," he said, his utterance becoming more thick. "Give us a tip of yer own bottle, Pete."

"Havn't got a drop for you, John."

"Not a drop of whiskey?"

"Not a drop."

"Singe a painter, old boy! What are ye comin' to?"

Peter made some careless reply, and then urged the poor fellow to go and lie down. He saw that he was growing more stupid every moment, and that he would soon fall from his chair. After a while the man consented to go, and his host led him to a place in one corner, where a buffalo skin was hung up for a screen, and behind which was a bed of bear skins. John was soon asleep, and Peter returned and finished his supper.

John Armstrong was a good hunter; a firm friend; ready to help in times of need; and "death on Injuns." He lived no where in particular, but found a home anywhere. A week or two would be spent in hunting—then he would carry his skins to the nearest settlement and purchase rum—and then came a spree which lasted while he could get fuel for the fatal flame.

When Peter got ready to go to bed, he went in and looked at his guest, whom he found just as he had left him.

"It's too bad!" he said, as he came out. "What a noble fellow he is when he's himself. How a man can do so is more than I can understand."

"Poor John!" murmered Susan Armstrong had ever been a warm friend to both herself and husband, and had, on two occasions, saved them from the Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife. So they loved him even now.

The hunter arose with the first dawn of day, and ere he dressed himself he went to see how his guest fared. John was still sleeping soundly, though the scattered skins told that he had been very uneasy during the night.

"I must go out and look at my traps," said Peter, after he had dressed, "and if John wakes up before I get back, you'd better fix him up some warm drink, and get him to eat if he can. If he wants whiskey tell him he must wait until I come. I shall not be gone more than an hour; so you may have breakfast ready by then."

The husband took his rifle and went out, and shortly afterwards the wife called up her two children and dressed them, and then proceeded to build her fire. After this she cut some steak from a quarter of venison which hung near the door, and then began to think what she should fix up for her unfortunate guest. After the expiration of about half an hour John Armstrong got up and came out. Susan was on the point of speaking to him, but when she looked at his face she started back in affright. She had

[illegible] look so pale and deathly—she
and sparkle so, nor look so
[illegible]e had never heard a man's teeth
[illegible]is then.
[illegible]e hally uttered, "what is the matter?"

He glared at her, and then at the children, but spoke not a word.

"Don't you wat something to eat, John?"

He glared agai from her to the two little ones, and then turned to thdoor and went out.

"Don't be afrai, Andy;" the mother said, as the children clung to her ress. "John is a good man—he won't hurt you. He's oly sick now."

"But he looked t me so mama. Oh! how sick he must be!

Before Susan cold make any reply to her boy the door opened, and Amstrong re-entered the cabin. He had a long bunting nife in his right hand, while in his left he carried a piec of rope, or halter cord. He stopped near the threshold ad glared around the room—there was but one room in the place. His eyes were wild and burning, his lips bloodless and compressed, and his hair standing up like quils over his huge head.

"Ye're afeared o' me, eh?" he whispered, in a shuddering shivering tone at the same time throwing the cord upon the floor and grasping his knife more firmly.

"No, no, John," uttered Susan, as plainly as she could speak, with her heart thumping and leaping as though it would burst its bonds. "I'm not afraid, for I know you would not harm me. You love me too well for that, don't you, good John?"

"Love ye!" he echoed, with a sharp, grating hiss. "If I loved ye less I might let ye stay in this cursed world. But I'm a going to send you out of it, Susan Winter—you and your children! I've got to do it! Ye must die!—die!—die!"

There were specks of white froth upon the madman's bloodless lips, and his whole face had assumed a look perfectly Satanic. Susan Winter had been at first almost powerless, but when she first realized that her little ones were in mortal danger her mother's love begot a fortitude. The terrible truth burst upon her that Armstrong was laboring under a fit of *mania a potu!* She had heard of such a thing, and she knew how dangerous it was. She knew that the rum-maniac would turn his direst hate upon those whom he loved best when sober. She clasped her children to her side, and shrunk away into the extreme corner of the room.

"Ye must die! the madman growled. "I've been commanded to kill ye!"

"No, no, John! Oh! you could not kill us!"

"Not kill ye! Why, what a cussed shame to see sich varmints as you a livin'! You'd kill me quick enough, wildcat! Don't I know how ye've plotted agin me? Don't I know how ye've held a knife at my throat for years? Git out, you she devil! Give me the whelps! I'll take their heads off first, and then off comes yourn!"

As Armstrong ceased speaking he advanced towards the frightened group. Susan cast her eyes about but there was no way of escape. There was but one door, and though the maniac had left that open, yet he was between them and it. The windows, three in number, were small, and set high from the floor and were guarded by cross bars at that, to keep wild animals out. Nor was there any weapon at hand with which to defend herself. But of defence she could not think, for John Armstrong was one of the most powerful men in the country.

"Mercy!" she shrieked, as the raving man stroke up.

"Devil!" he hissed, from between his tightly set teeth. As he spoke he aimed a blow at her breast with his left hand, but though she dodged, and received the stroke upon her shoulder, yet it sent her reeling to the floor.

But the brave woman thought not of pain then. The cries of her children, sounding shrill and loud, mingled with the curses of the madman, aroused every spark of courage a mother can feel, and she was quickly on her feet. She looked upon the scene before her, and while a stifled cry of more than mortal anguish burst from her lips, she staggered a few steps forward, and there stopped.

The maniac was by the open door, where he first stood, with little Lucy crushed between his huge knees, while the boy was held by the long tangled curls of the head.

The little fellow in his struggles had raised his hands and Armstrong had them both firmly clutched with the hair. When the mother first looked, the boy's head was bent back—the white throat upturned—and the gleaming knife raised for the fatal stroke! In a few moments more the woman would be childless.

"John!" she cried, in a tone of such exquisite agony that even the madman stayed his hand and looked up.

The mother knew that the respite could be but a few short seconds. Great drops of that thick foam were gathered upon the madman's lips, and his eyes burned more fiercely than before. If she moved towards him, the blow would surely fall; and if she did nothing it must fall. A gleam of hope shot through her soul. With a mighty effort—an effort such as men sometimes make to seem calm in the face of death—she assumed a pleasant look, and smiled upon the murder-minded man.

"John," she spoke, as calmly and honestly as though she were calling him from peaceful quiet, "you cannot do it so. Let me hold the boy, and then you cut his head off! Wouldn't that be the better way?"

"Egad, it would," the man returned with great satisfaction.

"Oh! don't kill me, mamma!" the poor boy shrieked. The girl was so crushed that she could not speak.

"You must die, Andrew!" the mother returned with a cold look, but with a pang at the heart that gave her pain for months.

"Now hold him tight!" the man said, passing the two little purple hands out for Susan to take.

"Never fear," she replied. She said no more. Armstrong stood with his back to the open door, and as he released his hold upon the boy's hands she gathered all her reserved strength for the effort; and leaped against him like a bounding panther. With her bowed head and with her clenched hands she struck him full in the pit of the stomach, and he fell backward upon the broad stepping stone like a gnarled log. In an instant Susan shut the door, and in another instant she had shoved the stout oaken bar into its place.

The mother gathered her children to her bosom and bore them to her bed. She was almost senseless from fright, while the girl was totally overcome by the cruel pressure she had been subjected to. But ere Susan could bestow further care upon them the madman had revived, and commenced to kick at the door. He cursed and swore, and kicked with all his might, but the stout bar withstood all his efforts. The trembling woman dared not speak—she could not. At length Armstrong gave up the effort and went away. Susan ran to one of the windows and she saw him go into the shed. When he came out he had an axe in his hand.

And now the maniac swore that every head should be split open if the door was not unbarred. Susan Winter spoke not—she only prayed to God that her husband might come. Soon the blows of the sharp axe began to fall quick and hard upon the door. The mother shrank away to the side of her children and listened. At length large splinters fell upon the floor of the cabin—another blow—another—and another—and the bar was cut in twain! As the door flew open the frantic woman uttered one wild, piercing shriek, and sank upon the bed, gathering her children beneath her bosom.

But hark! What sound is that? The heavy tread of the maniac—then another tread, light and bounding—then a dull sound, as of a heavy blow—and then a quaking of the cabin, as a ponderous body fell to the floor.

"Susan! *Wife!*"

She started up and saw her husband. She put forth her arms, and, pale and cold, without power, without life, and sank upon his bosom. He laid her gently upon the bed, and then, with the cord which was still upon the floor, he securely bound the arms and ankles of the inanimate maniac.

When little Andrew could speak, he told his father all he could remember; but ere long Susan revived sufficiently to relate all that had transpired. At first Peter Winter determined to ride Armstrong off to gaol; but upon second thought, he concluded to watch by him till he had recovered. And he did so. On the third day the poor inebriate was sober, and able to walk, and having told him all he had done, Peter opened his door and let him pass out. John spoke not a word, but with his head bowed, and his hands clasped upon his brow, he walked away.

Just one year from that time, as Peter Winter and his family sat at supper, the cabin door was pushed open, and a hunter entered. The children cried in terror, the boy clinging to his father, while the girl sought the protection of her mother.

"John Armstrong!" uttered Peter, gazing up in a bold, frank, manly face.

"Yes, Peter," the new-comer returned, while a convulsive shudder shook his heavy frame. "It is old John; but if you can ever love me again, tell your children not to fear me. Tell 'em John Armstrong hasn't put liquor to his lips since the day they saw him last. And tell 'em, too, that he never will again, while he has life and sense. *Tell 'em that*, Peter—tell 'em that!"

On the next night John Armstrong sat by the blazing fire, and the children were upon his knees. Their mother had told them how "uncle John" had twice saved her own and their father's lives, and they forgot the terrible hour of his madness in gratitude for his former goodness, and in the confidence which his present manhood inspired.

WILLIAM HILLYER,

A celebrated cricketer and member of the All England Eleven, and has also acted as member of the committee for that body. He was born at Leybourne, in Kent, in 1813. Until his late illness he was considered one of the finest bowlers in the world, and to the present time is remarkably quick at slip. He also excels as a bat.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.

A CASE was up before Lord Chancellor Eldon, and in the absence of the regular reporter, a counsellor present volunteered his services. Taking pen in hand, he wrote:

Mr. Leech made a speech—angry, neat, but wrong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part, was heavy, dull and long;
Mr. Parker made the case darker, which was dark enough without;
Mr. Cook quoted his book, and the Chancellor said "I doubt!"

Some two or three days after this hit at the Chancellor had been perpetrated, the same counsellor had a case up in Chancery, which was decided against him. Looking the witty counsellor in the face, the Chancellor remarked, with a kind of malicious grin,

"This time, sir, the Chancellor does NOT doubt!"

Just like the old codger—"Derry Down *Old* Bags," as he used to be called in London.

A YOUNG LADY'S CHANGES.

A YOUNG lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy:

My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
But, oh! the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well!
I'm not myself, I'm not the same;
I am, indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed in all, except in name—
Oh, when shall I be changed in that?

"MYNHEER, do you know what for we call our boy Hans?"

"Do not, really."

"Well, I will tell you. Der reason we call our boy Hans, because dat ish his name."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIKE RUSSELL.—1. The precise height, weight, and birth-place of "Paudeen," recently deceased, we are unable to give you, according to our own knowledge. Those with whom he associated inform us that his height was five feet five inches, and his weight was about 140 lbs. Concerning his birth-place, there is a diversity of opinion. Shortly after the arrest of Paudeen for his complicity in the death of Wm. Poole, he underwent the usual examination previous to being committed for trial, and in answer to the question concerning his place of birth, Paudeen stated that he was born in Cohoes, in this State. During the recent inquest on the body of Paudeen, one of his brothers testified that he, "Paudeen," was a native of Ireland. It will therefore be seen that there is a direct contradiction in the statements of these brothers. We are inclined to the opinion, however, that the latter is correct, and that Paudeen was born in Ireland, for at the time of Poole's death it was the impression that that event was brought about through the agency of the foreign element, Poole having been a prominent member of the American party; and to make a better case for himself, it is thought that Paudeen gave out that he also was an American. 2. Pugilists harden their hands with a preparation composed of horse-radish, whiskey, etc.

OLIVER TWIST, Haverhill, Mass.—1. With a bell in each hand, strike the arms backwards in as near a horizontal position as possible, so that the bells may touch behind the back as well as in front. This movement expands and strengthens the muscles of the chest and arms. The weight of the bells you mention (15 lbs. each) is too great for commencing with; it is usual to begin with 7 lb. bells, and gradually increase the weight as the muscles become stronger. 2. We will forward you the treatise "Boxing without a Master" for one shilling.

BEEKMAN STREET.—"Please decide a bet by stating what steamer made the fastest passage across the Atlantic. Give the time of the two fastest passages, and the names of the vessels that made them." The steamer Persia made the fastest passage, in the run from New York to the bar off Liverpool, the time being nine days, one hour, and thirty minutes. The second best passage was made by the Vanderbilt, that vessel running from New York to the Needles, a short distance from Cowes, in nine days and eight hours. The distance to the latter is greater than that performed by the Persia, but, according to the rate of sailing of the Vanderbilt on that passage, she would have occupied nine days three hours and a half in the run to Liverpool.

BANJO, Batavia, N. Y.—The party alluded to in our last as having a superior banjo for sale, is a Mr. Roome. He has two instruments, one 42 inches in length, 14¼ diameter, 5 strings, and is made of rosewood; price $25. The other is a champion banjo, 39 inches in length, 13 in diameter, 5 strings; price $35, complete. This latter instrument is ornamented in a beautiful manner, and is, like the former, said to be a most excellent banjo.

JOHN DELANEY, Boston.—1. He came on here to make a match with Hyer, but as the latter's name had been used without his previous knowledge or consent, he did not appear, and the former received $50, that being the amount of a wager made that Bradley would not come to New York to make such a match. 2. Bradley was not matched with Morrissey previous to that transaction, but with Harry Gribbin.

S. B., Indianapolis.—A day having been agreed upon to decide the match, neither party has a right to alter the day unless the other party agrees to such postponement. Your opponent refusing to agree to the change, the race must take place on the day originally agreed upon in the articles.

J. B. R.—The yacht America sailed for England in 1851, and in that year won the great race at Cowes, which gave her and her builder such a world-wide celebrity. You therefore lose in betting that it is more than ten years since she left here.

CINCINNATUS.—A "Treatise on the Science of Manual Defence," recently published in our columns, and subsequently issued in pamphlet form, is an excellent work, and will be forwarded on the receipt of one shilling.

INQUIRER.—1. We know of nothing that will remove India ink marks from the skin. 2. You had better call upon the gentleman, who will give you all the information desired, whether you place yourself under his instruction or not.

A PENNSYLVANIAN, Reading, Pa.—We do not think the subject demands farther discussion; we have published a letter from each party, and as nothing is to be gained by keeping the subject open, we have concluded to omit your last document.

J. B. M., Reading.—We prefer not to enter into such a discussion as your letter is calculated to bring about, the matter not being of general interest.

GEORGIAN.—Lady Fulton's and Trustee's feats of trotting twenty miles in the hour are the only two instances of the kind on record. Such a performance has never been accomplished in England.

G. W. T., Washington.—Sam Patch made his last leap over the Genesee Falls, in Rochester. We published an account of the last leap a few weeks since.

J. RILEY, Detroit.—The stakes in the main fought between Cleveland and Detroit have been forwarded to your address, as per notice to that effect.

JOE BENNETT, Jersey City.—1. It was in the year 1841 that the British forces took possession of the heights and guns commanding the city of Canton. 2. The city was ransomed for $6,000,000.

MOSE, New Orleans.—1. Phil. Clare and Cheek Hares never fought a prize fight. 2. Yankee Sullivan never fought a glove fight in California for $1,000 a side.

WM. GROVER, Holyoke, Mass.—We have not the back numbers you require. The "Cricket Manual" will be found just what you need; we can forward it on receipt of price, 50 cents.

PHILA. CRICKET.—Although difficult, still it is very possible that a batsman may be fairly given out "leg before wicket," through round arm bowling.

EAST SIDE.—Barlow ran the mile in 4:36, on the Beacon Course, N. J., in 1845; Major Stannard and several other pedestrians were in the race.

J. P., St. Louis.—It was Johnny Broome that committed suicide; Harry is still living.

N. M. O., Alexandria, Va.—We have written you on the subject. See answer to Banjo.

W. W.—1. Mr. Benton's wife died some years ago. 2. Col. Fremont's wife is one of Mr. B.'s daughters.

TWO FRIENDS, Baltimore.—"Please state whether the steamer President was an American or British vessel." British.

W. AND J., Albany.—The holder of low and Jack wins. Game is not counted until after these are scored.

DROVER.—Ben Caunt is taller than the Tipton Slasher.

E. J. W., Philad'a.—The Point Breeze Trotting Park is a private "institution."

AMATEUR.—1. Benjamin West, the celebrated painter, was an American by birth. 2. He died in 1820.

T. P., Philad'a.—Is it to be a foot race or trot? Your note is not explicit on this point.

EIGHT-CORNERED JACK, Philad'a.—Will give "The Rebuke" a place, soon. Please send the article referred to.

ADMIRER OF THE SPORT, Dubuque.—See our issue of the 3d inst.

THE DEAD BOXER;

OR, THE SECRET BLOW OF THE LAMH LAUDHER.

A Thrilling and Exciting Tradition of Ireland.

A FEW years since, when the CLIPPER was in its infancy, and before it had attained its present large circulation, we published a story called the "Dead Boxer," which created an unlooked-for degree of interest in the sporting community. Before we were aware of the extraordinary run which this story was destined to give the CLIPPER, (not expecting an increased subscription list on that account alone) the forms containing the first and second parts of this work were distributed; increased orders began to pour in upon us from all directions, but unfortunately we were unable to supply the demand in consequence of the above cause. Since then repeated requests have been made to us to re-publish this startling work, and to accommodate those who are anxious to procure the revelation, we will commence it in next week's issue, being No. 1, of volume 6.

We have engaged the services of an experienced draughtsmen, and skilful engraver, and through their aid this thrilling story will be beautifully and appropriately illustrated, the many startling passages in the work affording subjects for engravings of the most interesting character. "The Dead Boxer" will be completed in seven or eight numbers of the CLIPPER.

Agents may depend on having an increased demand for the papers containing the story of "The Dead Boxer," and they should send in their orders that we may thereby be the better enabled to meet the call.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Ten Broeck, undeterred by the heavy losses he sustained last year by the deaths of Lecomte and Prior, is about to commence another campaign upon the English turf, this season. He sent out on Saturday last, by the steamer City of Washington, from this port, the celebrated Southern race horse, Charleston, to join his string of horses already in training at Findon. His racing stud there at present comprises Prioress, Babylon, Belle, Woodlawn, and Bonita; the two latter being two year olds, entered for the Derby of 1859, and who will doubtless make their debut on the turf in some of the many rich two year old races that are run for at Goodwood, Ascot, Doncaster, York and other places.

The performances of Charleston are doubtless familiar to our sporting readers, but that all who take an interest in this exciting contest for equine superiority between the old world and the new, may be enabled to form a comparative opinion of his chance of successfully competing with the renowned thoroughbreds of Great Britain, we give a brief abstract of his performances in his two and three year old career, as well as his pedigree.

Charleston, is by Sovereign, out of Millwood, by Imp. Monarch. Millwood is out of Fanny by Eclipse, out of Maria West, the dam of the celebrated Wagner. He is now five years old. He is a dark bay color, with black legs, and stands about 15½ hands in height. His action cannot be surpassed, and he has given repeated evidence of possessing speed and endurance in a most extraordinary degree. He commenced his career by winning the two year old stakes at Charleston in 1856, carrying 6lbs extra, and beating Hero, bay colt by Imp. Yorkshire, and Chesnut colt by Eutaw Shark in 1:59—2:00¼—2:04½; the two latter horses were distanced. In December of the same year, he won a stake at Columbia in 1:52—1:58 beating Sea Breeze. The campaign of 1857 was commenced at Charleston on the 4th of Feb., when he won the mile heats Hutchinson Stakes in 1:49¼—1:47½—1:50—1:46, beating Mr. Doswell's Sarah Washington filly and two others. Two days after, he won the two mile Hutchinson Stakes in 3:43¼—3:39½—3:44, beating Sue Washington, Nicholas 1., and Ada Tevis. On the 24th Feb., at Augusta, he won a mile stake in 1:48—1:49, beating Ada Tevis again. At Macon, on the 17th March, Charleston won a capital mile race, and two days thereafter won a two mile stake in 3:48½—3:50, beating Dallas. At Columbus, the 31st March, won another mile stake, beating Don Juan and Birdcatcher, in 1:46—1:46—1:48¼—1:47½, and on the 4th April won the first heat of four miles in 7:39, in the race in which Sue Washington beat him and Frankfort. After this race Charleston was sent to the Fashion Course to prepare for the Fall meeting, and was entered for a sweepstakes of $1000 each, with $1000 added, along with Nicholas 1st. and Engineer. This race, as our readers will recollect, was won by Nicholas 1st., as Charleston, in consequence of having injured himself in his exercise two or three days previous, paid forfeit. He has never run in public since, but has quite recovered from the effect of his accident, and, when we saw him on Saturday last, appeared in the best possible condition of health. That Mr. Ten Broeck will enter him for the Goodwood Cup of 1858, we have no doubt, and as he will be ridden by either Charlton or Fordham, there is no fear that the race will be thrown away as it was last year, by incompetency or ignorance on the part of the jockey.

It was the intention of Mr. Ten Broeck to have taken over with him the celebrated and hitherto invincible three year old filly, Bonnie Lassie, the most promising racer that has trod the American turf for a long time. Sporting men anticipated with interest the appearance of this fleet daughter of Glencoe and Magdalene, on the English turf, and indulged in the sanguine expectation that she would amply redeem the credit of American racers in her encounters with the best of the British thoroughbreds. But this expectation has been disappointed, as Bonnie Lassie, to the regret of every sportsman, has recently met with so serious an accident, by injuring one of her forelegs while standing in her stable, as to render it absolutely necessary to take her out of training and turned out. We also understand that Mr. Ten Broeck is very desirous of purchasing that magnificent 3 year old colt, Slasher; but his owner, anticipating a brilliant career for him on his native turf, refused to part with him.

The spirit and enterprise which has characterized Mr. Ten Broeck's speculation from the commencement, entitled him to the respect and good wishes of all true sportsmen in America, and we are pleased to perceive that his honorable, straightforward conduct on the English turf has gained for him the esteem and cordial friendship of the most elevated patrons of the English turf. We ourselves heartily trust he may prove successful in the forthcoming campaign.

TRYING THEIR MUSCLE.—We understand that Coroner Connery had a turn-up on the 6th instant, with Mike McGuire, one of the *attaches* of the Coroner's Office. It is said that Mike punched the valiant Connery to such a frightful extent that the aid of a junior Connery was called in, and with this the Coroner compelled the belligerant Mike to beat a retreat. Mike got in a beautiful upper cut on the Coroner's nasal protuberance, which almost brought the claret. We are sorry to learn that after getting the best of the fight, the two Connerys had a notion of preferring a complaint against Mike for his "contumacy" in attacking the majesty of the law, through its representatives. One great fact was brought out by this contest, and that is, that "muscle" is beginning to be fairly understood by our city officials. Let the good work go on.

THE METROPOLIAN SOCIAL CLUB, of Baltimore, held their quarterly meeting on the 1st instant, and elected the following officers: President, G. T. Green; Vice-President, T. N. Fisher; Treasurer, J. A. Hillery; Secretary, J. A. Vansant; Standing Committee, G. T. Green, R. J. Stinson, and R. Badger.

BILLIARD ROOM PRAYER MEETING.—A lady of the *haut ton*, residing in the vicinity of New York, has testified her interest in the revival movement by converting the elegant billiard-room attached to her house into a place for prayer-meetings, in which her neighbors are invited to participate daily.

The above yarn we find going the rounds, but as usual the name of this immaculate lady is not given, in the absence of which we may as well set it down as a lie.

HORSE TAMING.

THE extraordinary performances of our countryman, Mr. Rarey, before the royal sovereigns of Great Britain and France, in subjecting the most vicious and ungovernable horses to his control, and rendering them quiet and obedient to his commands, have caused public attention to be directed to the subject. In last week's CLIPPER, we gave extracts from a London Sporting Journal, and a Boston newspaper, relating to the matter in question, in which the *whispering* process of the horse-charmer, Sullivan, is described, and a theory broached in explanation of the means used by Mr. Rarey. The latter endeavors to account for the influence Mr. Rarey possesses over horses, by attributing it to the use of drugs, but the slight evidence it adduces is insufficient to maintain its position. Since the remarkable performances of Mr. Rarey in London and Paris have become known through the medium of the press, several pseudo-professors of the art have appeared in this country, some of them offering on receipt of a certain sum of money to forward full directions for conducting the process of subjugating the refractory animal.

Some time last week, we received an invitation from a gentleman, Mr. H. B. Armstrong, of the Hippon, 63 Watt street, to attend and personally witness the process he adopts to tame and reduce to obedience the most ungovernable and vicious horses. As the matter is one deeply interesting to all sporting men who are connected with the turf, we went for the purpose of giving a fair and impartial report of what we saw, and resolved if there was any humbug in the process to expose it without reserve. The exhibition was quite a private one, as none but the representatives of the daily and sporting press were invited. Accordingly, on entering the room where the exhibition was to take place, we found several representatives of the "fourth estate" (as Englishmen are fond of terming "The Press") present. Mr. Armstrong, who appeared to be an intelligent, well-informed gentleman, commenced his operations with a handsome grey carriage horse, about five or six years old, belonging to a gentleman present, and who stated that he valued it at not less than $1000. There was another horse in the place at the time, whose restiveness interfered with the process of subjugation by attracting the attention of the horse under operation, and it was found necessary to remove it. In the space of twenty minutes, Mr. Armstrong had so thoroughly subjected the horse to his control, that he followed him about like a dog, in any direction, stopping at the word of command, and obeying the slightest motion of the hand. He then laid the horse on the ground, and laid alongside him in the most caressing manner, placing his head between his hind legs, in a position that seemed imminently dangerous. The horse, however, remained perfectly quiet, and appeared to be more influenced by affection for, than fear of, the daring experimentor. The owner of the horse now entered the arena, and found, to his surprise, that the horse was equally tractable and subject to him, and showing no symptom of the vice which he had always hitherto displayed.

The grey horse was now removed, and a young bay colt, about 4 years old, was introduced. This was a nervous, ill-natured brute, who would kick and strike at every one that approached him. As time was passing rapidly, Mr. Armstrong only operated a very short time on the horse; but he so conquered him, that he could with perfect ease and safety handle him in the most tender parts without the horse flinching in the least. He made the horse lay down, and then laid down along side him, placing his feet between the horse's fore feet, and his head and neck between the horse's hind feet. In this most critical position he lifted his head, and asked how long it was since he first commenced with the horse. The time that had elapsed was precisely *fifteen minutes.*

With those specimens of Mr. Armstrong's power of taming the horse, we were *perfectly and convincingly satisfied.* No drugs of any description were used, nor was any harsh or cruel treatment resorted to. The process was simple yet effective in attaining the object desired. He simply handled the horse in a manner which at once removed all doubt in the mind of the horse as to which was the master, when he was fairly conquered, and willing to do any thing he could understand. It was appealing to the *mind* of the horse, after he had become convinced that he was in superior hands, through kindness and affection; feelings which the horse appears readily to recognise and reciprocate.

Of course it cannot be expected that we should state more explicitly the *modus operandi* of the process; indeed it was mutually understood that though we were at perfect liberty to expose any artifice or humbug which we might detect, yet that the details of the process should not be divulged. This was a natural proviso on Mr. Armstrong's part, and one to which no one could reasonably object. We have no doubt, however, but that this is precisely the same method as practised by Mr. Rarey. In fact, it was from that gentleman that Mr. Armstrong learned the process, in Canada. It is simple, rational, and perfectly in accordance with the nature of the noble animal, the horse; subdueing him and winning his affection completely. The art itself can be acquired in half an hour, by consulting Mr. Armstrong, and the low terms on which any person can obtain the requisite knowledge, is a strong reason why *all* who possess, or are connected with horses, should make themselves acquainted with the art.

There are many persons who possess very valuable horses, but whose value is depreciated by some vice. Such parties we would strongly advise to consult Mr. Armstrong, as he guarrantees to render them free of such vice and become mild, gentle, and tractable. The art is especially valuable to those about to break in young horses as the process can be accomplished in half the time and without a tithe of the trouble and expense.

Those requiring private instructions, as well as others interested in the process, can obtain tickets at our office, and we refer them to Mr. Armstrong's advertisement in another column.

GOOD EGG.—Mr. Robert Parker of Worcester, has a hen, seven years old, which laid an egg on the 6th inst., measuring 8½ inches by 7¼ inches in circumference, and weighing 5¼ ounces.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

THE final soiree and Second Annual Exhibition at Ottignon & Montgomery's Gymnasium, in Crosby street, took place on Friday evening, April 9th. The attendance was numerous and respectable, and included a considerable portion of ladies, who appeared to view the various performances with the greatest interest. The exercises consisted of performances on the vaulting horse, swinging ropes, perpendicular and horizontal poles, dumb bells, fencing, double trapeze, slack rope, posturing, &c., and the skill, activity, and muscular power that were exhibited in the various performances elicited repeated applause and general admiration. It may appear invidious to mention the names of individuals who acquitted themselves best, when *all* did so well; but we may state that the talent displayed by Mr. Ezra Beach in tumbling, Mr. Alonzo Forbes in *la perche equipoise*, Messrs. Grawer and J. A. Jones in the double trapeze, and Mr. G. Ratz in his varied and daring feats, created feelings of admiration among the spectators, and must have proved to them most incontestably the desirability of making gymnastic exercises a necessary and important branch in the education of our youth. On this subject we have written so strongly and repeatedly, that it is unnecessary to again state our opinions and the arguments on which they are based; we are pleased to find, therefore, the deep and growing interest manifested in similar institutions to the above, as was evidenced by the large audience present on Friday night. The high reputation which Messrs. Ottignon & Montgomery's Gymnasium has already attained among similar institutions, was fully maintained by the admirable performances of the pupils on this occasion.

"THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK."—This is the taking title of a work just published by Dick & Fitzgerald, of No. 18 Ann street, N. Y., in which the *modus operandi* of performing the various feats of legerdemain and conjuring is made as clear as the noon-day sun. The book is profusely illustrated with cuts, many of them of a highly-interesting as well as instructive nature. Tricks with cards, puzzles of various kinds, mechanical, optical, and magnetical experiments, sleights and subtleties, are here made bare, so that each and every one may learn the feats which have so astonished them at entertainments given by celebrated magicians. "The Magician's Own Book" is certainly calculated to afford an endless variety of amusement.

THE YACHT WANDERER, which left here in December last for Charleston, New Orleans, etc., returned to this port on Monday last, after a run of over a little over nine days, from New Orleans. The Wanderer is a beautiful specimen of naval architecture, and has been visited by thousands of admirers at the various ports at which she stopped.

THE STEAMBOAT RACE.—The Baltic made the run from New Orleans to Louisville in five days six hours and twenty-three minutes. The Diana reached Louisville two hours and thirty-five minutes later than the Baltic.

AFFAIRS IN CHICOPEE.—Chicopee, Mass., April 10.—FRIEND QUEEN: As you will doubtless be pleased to hear that sporting matters are reviving in this vicinity, I will endeavor to satisfy your own honest soul and the souls of the readers of your valuable paper that sports are beginning to flourish in old Hampden County. As the times have been very dull, so the people themselves have been inclined the same way; but as the times look brighter, the people themselves begin to recover their natural wakeful disposition. In relation to sporting items, I would state that a cricket club has been lately organized in this town, and I had the satisfied pleasure of finding out how the game was conducted. The playing took place on a fine elevated piece of ground, known as Blackberry Hill, and quite a large crowd assembled to witness the fun. The club is composed of very few native Americans, the larger proportion being Englishmen, and a right hearty, jolly set of fellows they are, always willing to participate in any game which can be beneficial to the human frame. A good saloon has been opened here, where the weary can be at rest and the thirsty be refreshed; it is kept by Fred Moore, a willing sporter, and, as reports say, understands very well the manly art of self-defence. The gymnasium in Springfield is flourishing finely, so I have understood, and I hope will continue to prosper. If some of the professors of sparring should come out this way, they might do very well. CALEB.

A VOICE FROM CANADA.—Toronto, C. W., April 9, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*:—Being a pretty constant reader of your CLIPPER, I am rather astonished at not seeing any notice regarding aquatics. Now, that the weather is so fine, I think that something should be done toward promoting that healthful exercise, (rowing.)

If I am not mistaken, I saw, some time during last summer, in your much-admired paper, an article stating that the Lady Putman was put forward, by her crew, as being Champion of the Lakes, and as that boat or crew have never put in an appearance in Toronto Bay, I can hardly see how they can claim the Championship.

There is, I believe, a crew in this city who are both able and willing to give Chicago a chance to retain what they claim, provided they (Chicago) challenge Toronto for a home-and-home match, each party paying the other's expenses. SESOSTRIS.

P. S.—Mr. James Mackay, late of Glasgow, New York and St. John, New Brunswick, is here at present, building some crack boats. New York pullers may expect a crew from this city, in New York, on the 4th of July. The Toronto Union Regatta takes place here sometime during the Provincial Fair, in September. S.

PICKING UP POTATOES.—DEAR CLIPPER: See readiness with which notices of sporting events are ed in your valuable paper, I hereth send you lowing, which affair came off at Bu[illegible]n's Hotel, o[illegible] inst., between two would be pedestrians, Georg[illegible] and Aleck Brigham. Having read the potatoe feat in a late number of the CLIPPER, our amate[illegible] ded on trying it on. Accordingl, procuring a with the requisite number of murpy's therein co[illegible] we adjourned to a meadows, and proceeded to out, Carey meanwhile preparing himself for the on[illegible] Things being in readiness, away he started, and commenced in earnest, the odds being two to one the man, and the event verified their prediction, t[illegible] being done in 62 minutes. The potatoes were soo[illegible] for the second trial, and Brigha[illegible] commenced pee started at a clipping pace, whic[illegible] he maintained t[illegible] out the task. It was soon evident that he wo[illegible] Carey's time, though the bettin[illegible] was against him, opposition were doomed to defeat, as the last pota[illegible] put into the basket at the end of 52 minutes. It just to say, however, the ground was very unfa[illegible] being a rough meadow, considering which the t[illegible] very good. We are to have a repetition in a day by an Englishman, who offers to bet he can do i[illegible] of 50 minutes, the result of which I will apprise y[illegible]

Greenfield, Wayne Co., Mich. Yours, L

SPARRING.

SPARRING IN BOSTON.—THE MOLLINEAUX EXHIBITION.—On Monday evening, April 5th, Professor MOLLINEAUX had a complimentary benefit at the Melodeon, in Boston. There was quite a respectable attendance, and the entertainment was very satisfactory. Professor W. G. TAYLOR conducted the exhibition, in his good-humored manner, and introduced for the first set-to, Mr. SCRANTON, of Providence, and Mr. COOK. This was a very short affair, and the way S. *cooked* his opponent's mutton brought down shouts of applause. It was evident that COOK knew but little of the fistic art.

Then we had Master DAILEY and SHINER, two very young aspirants to fistic honors. They went in, right and left, and gave a very clever trial of skill, peppering each other for nearly half an hour. The wind-up caused much merriment.

YOUNG BURTON and DEVINE then appeared and gave a very good display, both getting in some hard blows. There were eight rounds to this set-to, and all were well received.

YOUNG MENDOZA and MR. O'NEIL next donned the mits, and both went to work in good spirits, give and take being the order of the day. MENDOZA slipped down at the close of nearly every round, and most every one seemed to think O'NEIL was the better man.

At the close of this set-to, Professor MOLLINEAUX, the beneficiare, gave the audience his celebrated Decanter Dance, which was rapturously applauded, and showed that some things can be "did" as well as others. SAM PRIDE, the celebrated banjo performer, assisted the Professor.

For the next set-to came JOE COBURN, of New York, and Mr. SCRANTON, of Providence. This was a very scientific trial of skill, and both men showed that they were well versed in the art of boxing. The wind-up gave great satisfaction; JOE, however, seemed too many guns for his opponent.

Then came TOM DAVIS, of Worcester, and Mr. MACAULEY. Both these men seemed determined to give the audience a good display, and went to work in earnest, hitting each other some terrific blows. This was the liveliest set-to of the evening, and at the wind-up brought down thunders of applause.

YOUNG BIFFIN and YOUNG LINCENT then gave a short display, and the former seemed to have the advantage in science.

Then came the grand wind-up of the evening's entertainment, between the two Professors—MESSRS. MOLLINEAUX of Worcester, and BAILEY, of Boston. (Previous to their commencing operations, Professor TAYLOR came forward and returned thanks to the audience in behalf of Mr. MOLLINEAUX.) This trial of skill was excellent, and gave the audience a good chance to see what difference there is between Professors and Amateurs. Mr. MOLLINEAUX is very quick in his movements, and his manner of giving blows and getting away from his opponent is excellent. On the other hand, Professor BAILEY is very careful and cautious, and when he does get in a blow, it tells its tale with severe effect. On the whole, we have seldom seen a better display of science than was given by these Professors on this occasion. OLD SPORT.

BOXING IN ILLINOIS.—Rockford, Ill., April 7, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN: Last evening, Johnny Roberts, of Chicago, gave us the first Sparring Exhibition ever given here, to my knowledge, at Crawford's Hall. The hall was well filled. Among the audience were several leading merchants and city office holders. The sparring was good, considering nearly all were novices. The first two set-to's, between novices, were give and take all around. Conners and a blacksmith then set-to—both cautious to lead, and well on their guard; the blacksmith would occasionally over-reach his opponent, and touch him lightly. Then came two blacksmiths; this was a lively set-to. Like the old motto, "when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," sometimes they would get their mawleys in and make the fire fly. Charley Swinlin and Conners then set-to, Conners having the best of it. Charley, your guard was open too much; you must do better next Saturday night. Johnny Roberts and Charley Murphy were the next; Charley would rally and give one, but before he could get away Johnny would go one better. Charley danced around like a "jolly boat in a chopped sea." All in all this was the most amusing round of the evening. Several novices then set-to, which were give and take affairs. The wind-up was to have been given by Johnny Roberts and Pat Conway, but by some reason Pat was absent. Johnny has made himself quite popular here by his quiet and jovial manners. A number remarked before the exhibition that it would be a humbug. You can see, friend Queen, how they appreciated the humbug, by requesting Johnny to give another exhibition next Saturday evening, and wishing him to open a Sparring School here, which he will do, if he can get a suitable room. Those who are travelling on sparring tours would do well to give us a call; they may depend on full houses, and plenty of boys to assist them, providing their charges are moderate, say 25 cents, as that is the amount that will take best. Charley Swinlin, in behalf of Mr. Roberts, extended his thanks to the audience, and the Rockford boys for their assistance; the exhibition then closed, every one expressing his surprise at the friendly and jovial manner the exhibition was conducted. HOG EYE.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR JAMES HART.—St. Louis, April 5.—FRIEND QUEEN: On the 30th of March quite a pleasant little affair came off at Washington Hall, in the shape of a complimentary exhibition given to Mr. James Hart by his pupils, at which the fancy were strongly represented, with here and there a lawyer and merchant; the two latter were by far the most enthusiastic in their applause. The affair was put on in better style than anything of the kind in this city yet, and cannot but give a character to them which they have not heretofore enjoyed. Four prizes were to be awarded, as follows: one silver cup to the best professional, two to the two best amateurs, and one fireman's belt to the best fireman sparrer; three judges and a referee were chosen, and then the ball set going.

First Set-to—Brown and Jennings. The latter was the heaviest man; but though a hard, is not a quick hitter. Heavy exchanges from the word "go" was the order of the day. Jennings' claret was tapped in a short time, and repeated calls made on the same tank. This encounter was noted principally for the hard hits exchanged, though no great degree of science was displayed; yet what was done, was well done and with a will.

The second set-to was between Kelly and Fitzgerald. Give and take was again the order. Some rather good dodging made by F., and no despisable nimbleness displayed by the same. Quite a good display of science for amateurs; the principal feature, though, was the good humor that they exhibited through the whole set-to; the audience testified their pleasure by several rounds of applause.

The third was by two boys, who made quite a showy thing of it for juveniles, and, considering their youth, were not to be sneezed at.

Fourth, by two amateurs. An uneven match; not much science displayed. This set-to was like the handle of a mug, all on one side.

Fifth—Monahan and Looney. Looney much the best, he being quite a proficient. Some good hitting and stopping, but mostly on the part of L., who proved he would be rather a queer customer if called on to do in earnest.

Sixth, by Trainor and Taylor. This was the best set-to of the evening, and much relished by the audience. Some very neat hitting and stopping, and quite an amount of science displayed; but for a disposition on the part of Taylor to wrestle, this set-to would have been faultless.

Seventh—Davis and Looney. Again give and take the order of the day. Too much wrestling. L. should depend more on his science, as he has enough to carry him through. D. made some terrific round hits with the right, which, had they reached home, would have told their own tale.

Mr. Hart not being in good fettle, could not take a hand, as intended, so Cope and Trainor wound up the evening's entertainments. It was quite a spirited affair, and both men did themselves credit, hitting and stopping neatly was their style; all were sorry when they wound up.

After some consultation the Judges awarded the cup to Looney, and one to Ryan (boy) as best amateur, and one to Trainor as the best professional sparrer. The Fireman's belt was won by Kelly.

Thus ended the most pleasant thing of the kind yet given in the Mound City. OMACATEL.

JAMES COBURN'S SPARRING EXHIBITION.—We are requested to announce that the above-named boxer will take a benefit at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on the evening of Tuesday, the 20th inst., at which some of the most talented professors of the art of boxing in this city will be present and take part in the proceedings. Among those who have promised to assist, and whose names are sufficient to ensure a rich treat to the lovers of the "manly art," are Joe Coburn, Harry Gribbin, Phil Clare, the Unknown of Brooklyn, and several other well-known sparrers. The final set-to will be between Eddy Reddy, of New York, and the beneficiare. We heartily trust that Jim will have a bumper house on the occasion, as he is not only a clever boxer himself, but is always ready and willing to assist others under similar circumstances. Tickets of admission 25 cents. Doors open at seven o'clock, P. M., and sparring to commence at eight o'clock precisely.

SPARRING IN PHILADELPHIA.—The friends of Young America tendered him a complimentary benefit on Saturday, the 3d inst., and the event took place at the Star Hall, Frankford. The house at an early hour was very well filled, and all present seemed to take an interest in the proceedings. The sports of the evening commenced with an encounter between Watterson and Young Rusk, when the latter had decidedly the best of it all through. Young America and R. Leeds next mounted the stage, and pitched into one another with a perfect looseness. Then came Old Dad and Bill Caywood; in this bout Bill had a better opportunity of displaying his science than on a previous occasion, and has considerably improved of late. Young America and a friend were next introduced; there was quite a difference in the stature of these two, for America is about the size of a house, in comparison, while his friend was of the fire-plug order; our friend was no pumpkins on the spar. A neat and lively set-to took place between Porter and Squibb; it was very pretty and showy, as always is the case when these two are opposed to one another; in point of sparring they are very good. A joint exhibition will shortly be given by these two. Two amateurs next appeared with gloves on, but for what purpose it would be hard to tell, as sparring was out of the question. Young Rusk and Hambell were next; a pretty even match, and lively hitting, getting away, etc., but soon gave way to the wind-up between Young America and Dick Leeds, who had a dashing bout, and Dick proved rather a troublesome customer, always waiting for his opponent to lead off, then going in right and left; he has rather a bad practice of rushing in with his head down; with the proper remedies, such as several right and left-handed upper-cuts, he would soon be cured of this. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the beneficiary presented the master of ceremonies, Mr. John H. Sailer, with a pair of polished dumb-bells. Thus ended the sport of the evening, and all left well satisfied with the event.

THE RING.

Fight between Young Godfrey and Kirwin,
FOR £25 A SIDE.

LONDON, C. W., April 6, 1858.

EDITOR CLIPPER: I beg through your columns to let the world know of our doings in this part of the country. We had this morning a very good fight between Young Godfrey and Peter Kirwin; the parties had been talking some time of their prowess, and at length agreed to settle it in the magic circle for £25 a side. At nine o'clock this morning the town began to pour out its contents; horsemen, carriages, foot passengers of all sorts, flocking to the scene of action, only three and a half miles from the city. The spot was most beautiful—a grassy plot, surrounded with trees, and as level as a floor; the ropes and stakes in the most perfect order, and kept so throughout the whole fight by several gentlemen who kindly volunteered their services as ring-keepers. Precisely at ten o'clock the men toed the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Godfrey, seconded by Hank Schram, and Johnny Hickey as bottle-holder; Kirwin seconded by Mike Carroll, and Young Birt as bottle-holder. On stripping, Godfrey did not appear in as good a condition as Kirwin, as his skin wore a dead yellow-looking hue, while Kirwin's was white and velvety, and his flesh hard. There was not a pound difference in their weights, but on toeing the scratch Godfrey stood well over his man and was much longer in the reach. After a little sparring Godfrey let go with the left, catching Kirwin a nasty one on the side of the nut, and stopping a heavy body blow from Kirwin's right. Kirwin down.

2. Both men walked gally to the scratch, when Kirwin immediately let go at Godfrey's breadbasket, but was well stopped, catching a heavy left-hander on the cheek, knocking him down, and drawing first blood.

3. Kirwin made play, catching Godfrey a heavy rib-bender, who, not liking such liberties, returned the compliment in the shape of an uppercut with the right, when Kirwin went down.

4. It was evident from Kirwin's style that he had orders to fight at Godfrey's body, knowing him to be weak; he rushed in and planted heavily on the ribs, when Godfrey fibbed him down.

5. Godfrey got heavily on the side of the head, when Kirwin went down.

6. Almost similar to the fifth.

7. Kirwin rushed at his man, letting go with his right at Godfrey's ribs, but getting a tremendous uppercut, smashing his nasal organ and drawing the claret most profusely. Kirwin down as usual.

8. Kirwin came up bleeding dreadfully. Godfrey went to him and let go with his left lightly on the side of the head, catching a return from Kirwin's right, cutting his eye and drawing the ruby. Kirwin down.

9. Light exchange of blows, and Kirwin down.

10. Godfrey's left hand was now so much swollen that he could do little damage with it. Kirwin got in a light one on the chin, and went down.

11. Kirwin still bleeding. 3 to 1 on Godfrey; no takers. An awful right-hander from Godfrey, and Kirwin down.

12. Kirwin went at Godfrey's ribs, getting on heavily twice, receiving an uppercut, and went down.

13. Godfrey now went straight at his man, and let go a tremendous smack with the left on the side of the head, and his right at the body, when Kirwin went down.

14. Some sparring; Godfrey let go on the sore nose, sending the blood spinning again. A close, when some sharp in-fighting took place, Godfrey fibbing his man down. It was now evident that Kirwin had not a ghost of a chance, and his seconds advised him to give in; when, on toeing the scratch for round

15, He reached out his daddie to Godfrey, who shook it warmly, and all parties dispersed.

REMARKS.—All must acknowledge that Kirwin fought most gamely, taking all the punishment without a murmur; but it was evident from the first he was overmatched. As for Godfrey, he is no doubt a game fellow, a good sparrer, and, if he takes good care of himself, will some day be a troublesome customer; he is tall, well-made, and has a very long reach. Great credit is due the gentlemen who kept the ring, for the very quiet and orderly manner in which the fight was conducted.

Yours truly, LONDON.

CON FITZGERALD and CATON.—The match between these two men, to which we alluded last week, has suddenly collapsed. There appears to have been a deal of mystery connected with this affair from the commencement, and the first intimation that we received of such a match being in progress, was derived from a paragraph in one of the Albany papers. We were subsequently informed, though indirectly, that a deposit of $50 aside would be made at the house of Phil. Clare, in Brooklyn, on the night of Thursday, the 8th inst. Our reporter was there on the night in question, but neither of the men were present, nor was there any one who could afford us the slightest information as to the state of affairs. We have since learned that in consequence of Caton's backer, (a New York person) having refused to go on with the match, the forfeit money down, $20, has been handed over to Fitzgerald. We also understand that Caton was anxious to go on with the match, and was deeply disappointed at the conduct of his New York backer, as he declares that he could have been backed in Albany by his friends, had he not depended entirely upon the other party. As to the probability of a future arrangement between those two men, we are unable to say anything at present.

YOUNG CARNEY will fight Johnny Golding, for $25 or $100, at his own, or catch weight, in three weeks from now.

DUBLIN PAT AND JAMES BERRY.—We have received $5 on behalf of John Duffy, alias Dublin Pat, who challenges to fight James Berry, of 24th Ward, Philadelphia, for $500 The forfeit will remain until May 1st, to allow Berry ample time to make up his mind on the subject.

PEDESTRIANISM.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Stoneham, Mass., April 10, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN: In looking over the columns of the CLIPPER last week, I was much surprised in finding a challenge from Michael Lahae, the Stoneham Pleb. Now Lahae knows that my business is such that I cannot go into training for a match, but in order to give him a chance to show his Pedestrian powers, I will back Eustis Rowe against him for $50 or $100 aside. If this suits Lahae I can be found at my place of business any time.

JAMES CASSIN alias the Stoneham Stag.

ATTINALLI, in answer to Young Griffin, of Boston, states that if they can agree as to where the race shall take place, a match will at once be made. He has written to Young Griffin on the subject.

FOOT RACE.—A race came off on Monday, April 5th, between the Market-Street Man and the Uptown Lad, on the Second Street, Philadelphia, Pike, for $25 a side. Distance run, 100 yards—Market-Street Man distanced the Lad 3 yards, and of course was declared the winner.

SPORT IN BROOKLYN.—A day's sport is to take place at Mr. Ball's Sportsman Hall, 9th street near 3d avenue, one mile from Hamilton Ferry, Brooklon, on the 15th inst. There will be a variety of pedestrian feats, similiar to those which afforded such rare amusement a week or two since at Yonkers, under the direction of Mickey Free. A number of prizes will be given, and the sports will be of such a character as to give the spectators a fund of amusement.

CRICKET.

MATCHES TO COME.

MAY 1.—Panola vs. Keystone, at Philadelphia.
" 22.—Panola vs. Pythian, 1st eleven and 4 of 2d, at Philadelphia.
JUNE 12.—Panola vs. 18 of Isthmian, at do.
JULY 17.—Panola vs. Pythian, (return,) at do.
" 24.—Panola vs. Keystone, (return,) at do.

NOTICE.—Secretaries of the different Clubs throughout the States and Canada will please to advertise us of any engagements they may enter into, in order that we may keep an exact chronology of their taking place, thus adding to their own as well as the convenience of the fraternity, wherever located.

CRICKET IN PHILADELPHIA—PANOLA CLUB ELECTION.—At a recent meeting of the members of this club the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the year 1858: President, G. C. Philips; Vice do., C. Vernon; Secretary, G. C. North; Treasurer, Wm. A. Hoyt; ground committee, G. C. Phillips, C. Vernon, W. A. Hoyt, J. Pile, and F. Stovell. Under the efficient guidance of these gentlemen the club cannot help but prosper. As an index of their energetic attention to the wants of the club, we would point to the list of matches at the head of this column, which they have thus early arranged to be played; an example which we hope will be followed up by other clubs if practicable, and the items sent us forthwith for publication. They will hold a meeting at their rooms, George street, above 13th, on the evening of Saturday, 17th inst., when the attendance of both honorary and active members is earnestly requested, as business of importance relative to the coming season will be transacted. The Secretaries of other clubs will please address their communications to Geo. C. North, 1328 Spruce street above 13th and thus ensure immediate attention.

YOUNG AMERICA AND OLYMPIAN.—Philadelphia, April 10th, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER: In answer to a challenge from the Young America Cricket Club, to the Olympian cricket Club, of Philadelphia, through your paper of the 10th inst., to play a game of cricket, the first eleven of the Olympian cricket club would state that they have frequently refused to accept a challenge from the Young America Cricket Club, and they would be greatly obliged to them, if they would not further importune them with their challenges. By order of the O. C. Club,

L. C. CLUMANN, Secretary.

SPORT AMONG THE PRINTERS.—Exercise is beginning to make its way into our work-shops and counting-rooms, and the advantages are fast becoming apparent. The following correspondence concerning a match at base ball among the printers of Manchester, New Hampshire, we take from the *Mirror*, of that place, of the 10th instant. Let printers elsewhere have a "take" in the sport:

A CHALLENGE.—The printers and "subs" connected with the *Mirror* office, do hereby invite the printers of all the other offices in this city to meet them on Fast Day, at such hour and place as they may choose, to engage in a friendly game of ball, for an oyster supper, each party to find such ball and bats as they may choose. This challenge to be accepted previous to Tuesday noon.

W. N. HARADON, } For the
J. R. HYNES, } Challengers.

Manchester, April 3, 1858.

THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—We, Printers of Manchester, having been challenged by the Printers and "subs" of the *Mirror* office to meet them in a friendly trial of skill at ball-playing on Fast Day, hereby accept the challenge, the conditions to be as follows: Time, 8 o'clock, A. M.; place, rye field; game, base ball; limit of goals, 20 paces; three games to be played, 25 points each; three umpires to be chosen, two by the contending parties, the third by the two first, who shall decide all disputed points; the match to be played by an equal number of men.

M. P. HALL, } For the Challenged
H. E. NEWTON, } Party.

Manchester, April 6, 1858.

The Printers of this city, agreeably to the above, came to the *scratch* at 8½ o'clock, Fast morning, and engaged in the healthful exercises of the ball for about an hour and a half. Mr. Seth Milliken was umpire for the challenged party, and Joseph Long for the challengers; Wm. H. Milliken was selected as the third. The result of the playing was as follows:

	Mirror.	*Opposition.*
First Game	25 Points.	3 Points.
Second Game	17 "	25 "
Third Game	25 "	3 "

The beaten party did the "*fair*" thing in the evening, in the way of a supper. A flow of wit and humor closed the day to the satisfaction of the craft.

WRESTLING MATCH.—On Monday night last, the wrestling match between Henry Hill, of New York, and Lyman E. Fuller, of Providence, R. I., for $500, came off at the Armory Hall, 527 Houston Street. The conditions of the match were, the best of three falls, each to be a fair back fall, an interval of five minutes between each fall, and the wrestling to be in the collar and elbow style. The first fall was won by Hill, who threw his man in capital style; the second and third were gained by Fuller, who in consequence was declared by the judges winner of the stakes. The attendance was by no means large.

COCKING.—DETROIT VS. CLEVELAND.—The main of cocks between Mr. James Riley, of Detroit, and Jas King, of Cleveland, fought on the 1st inst., resulted in the victory of the former, Detroit winning six out of the eight battles.

PERFECT BEICK.—This appellation is generally complimentary, but, when applied to a person on account of tan, freckles, pimples, and such like evidences of neglectful civilization, the best thing such a victim can do is to apply at the laboratory of Dr. Gouraud, 67 Walker street, (one door from Broadway) and get some of his cosmetic articles, which are so efficient and withal so innocent that the roughest campaigner, and the most delicate lady, cannot fail to be benefited by their use at this season of the year. Our Philadelphia friends can also obtain these articles in all their purity, at T. R. Callendar's, 88 South Third street. Bostonians can depend upon getting the "original packages," at Mr. Bates', 129 Washington street. For the removal of superfluous hair, Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles must be employed. A special edit.

THE TURF.

RACING IN NEW ORLEANS.
METAIRIE COURSE—SPRING MEETING.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 3.—The meeting commenced with the Boston Club Stake for three year olds, at two mile heats, for which there were nine entries, as follows:

T. J. Wells names g. c. Calvit, by Yorkshire, out of Reel.
R. Taylor & Co. name b. f. Bonnie Lassie, by Glencoe, out of Magdalen.
P. O. Hebert names b. c. Upation, by Epetion, out of Kate King.
D. F. Kenner names b. c. Rupee, by Voucher, out of Ha'penny.
A. L. Bingaman names ch. f. Eliza Logan, by Frosty, out of a Reffa mare.
A. L. Bingaman names ch. f. Catrina, by Glencoe, out of Nannie Rhodes, by Wagner.
A. M. Sprague names ch. c. Portland, by Sovereign, out of Folly.
Myers & Moore name ch. c. Montgomery, by Boston, Jr., out of an Andrew mare.
Smith & Perritt name b. f. Joccossee, by Glencoe, out of Camalitta.

Of these, only four came to the call—Calvit, Rupee, Eliza Logan and Joccosse—of which Eliza Logan had the call against the field, at $80 to $100, and many takers.

The track was in the most splendid condition, the attendance very large, and the excitement refreshing.

The first heat was won by the Yorkshire Calvit, in 3:39¼—Eliza Logan second, Jaccossee third and Rupee last.

This result astonished the sharp operators, for Calvit had been freely backed, for last in the race.

At the call for the second heat the four came up fresh for the start, and, contrary to expectation, the gay Yorkshire gave no trouble, but went away to his work in the most gallant style. The heat was most beautiful through the first mile—all of them running for the front place, and all well together. As they entered the second mile—Eliza Logan having the track, Rupee next, and slightly in advance—and just as they reached the turn in the first quarter, Logan stumbled and threw her rider. The jockey (little black Josh) was not hurt, while the mare finished the heat without a rider in the most gallant style.

At this point, Josh made a charge of foul riding against Theodore, the jockey of Rupee. After a long discussion by the judges, Captain Minor gave the following decision: That the only evidence before the judges was that of the two riders, who flatly contradicted each other; and they, therefore, gave the heat to Rupee—distancing Eliza Logan, Calvit being second, and Joccossee being distanced also; time, the same as the first heat.

This decision gave great dissatisfaction to many present. It was thought by those who were watching the race closely that Rupee did go foul of Miss Logan, and we heard some of those who were betting against the mare say that Theodore had ridden foul.

But think for a moment of the decision. No other evidence than the declaration of the two riders! Where were the patrol judges? Do the members of the present Club conduct racing without them? If so, they had better amend their rules at once. In some things the officers of the Club are very particular; for on our entering the weighing-room, after the first heat, we were invited to clear out, by the gentleman who officiated at the scales, and on stating the nature of our business, were told it made no difference, as no one was admitted there except members of the Club, or something to that effect.

Now, we wonder if those gentlemen imagine that they are doing the press any favor by sending a yellow ribbon passport to enter the track free of charge? If they do, they commit a great error.

The opinion of the press is the vitality of racing; and when the rules of any club exclude the press from the weight-room, or from any other position which is likely to afford the fullest opportunity of giving a succinct report of all the proceedings, they do great damage to the noble pastime.

There are a number of other features in turf sports in New Orleans which merit notice, and we shall embrace the first opportunity that presents itself.

The third and last heat was contended for by Calvit and Rupee—the latter winning it and the race. The time of this heat we forgot, by dwelling admiringly upon the courtesy extended to us at the door of the weighing room. Our treatment was so summary, that a summary of the race is unnecessary.—Sunday Delta, April 4.

LATEST SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life in London, March 21.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAR. 30.—Cooper and Hatton—$25 a side, London.
MAY 4.—Flatcatcher and Henley—£15 a side, London.
" 18.—Sims and Bandoff—£25 a side, London.
" 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker—£100 a side, London.
JUNE 15.—Tom Sayers and Tom Paddock—£100 a side and the Belt, London.
JULY 6.—Baylis and Fleet—£25 a side, Midland Circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM PADDOCK AND TOM SAYERS.—A further deposit of £10 a side for this all-important event was made good at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor-street, on Wednesday evening, when Alec had a house full. The next, of £10 a side, is due at Jem Ward's King's Arms, Whitechapel-road, on Wednesday week. Alec Keene requests that those gentlemen who promised to stand money with Tom Paddock will come forward at once, as he (Keene) cannot afford to take the whole responsibility upon himself.

FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG BROOME AND KANGAROO.—Young Broome and Kangaroo, one of Nat Langham's stud of niggers, met down the river on Saturday, 13th instant, and fought for £15 a side. It was a match got up on the spur of the moment, and neither had any training. Broome was seconded by Alec Keene and Bill Hayes, while Jemmy Massey and Haynes waited on the darkey. It was a merry little affair, lasting half-an-hour, during which 18 rounds were fought, and Broome was proclaimed the winner.

FINIGHTY AND LYNCH.—This match has unfortunately ended in a forfeit on the part of Finighty, who having met with an accident while sparring at Bos Tyler's benefit, is now confined to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Lynch can have the stakes on application at our office before 1 o'clock on Tuesday. Jem Ward, Lynch's backer, has generously given Finighty £2 out of the forfeit.

CHARLEY LYNCH will fight any lad in the world at 8st., for £25 or £30 a side. Money ready at Jem Ward's, King's Arms, Whitechapel.

SEVERAL old backers of Hammer Lane are anxious once more for him to try his hand, and will back him to fight Paddy Gill at catch weight, for £50 or £100 a side. Money ready at any time at Ben Terry's, the Old Plough Inn, Suffolk-street.

HARRY BROOME AND BENJAMIN.—Harry Broome says he left his money with us for three weeks, to make a match with Benjamin, and as that worthy has not either signed the articles or gone on with the match, he will have no more to do with him, but will back Plantagenet Green to fight him, for £100 a side. Broome complains bitterly of the treatment he received at the hands of Benjamin and his backer. It seems they refused to pay Harry's expenses for training and also for procuring colors, &c., amounting in all to £111, and on his bringing an action they, although acknowledging their liability, have sneaked out of the affair by pleading the illegality of the transaction.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognised sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $16.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
BOYLE & WHALEN, 32 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FREDERICK & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUEL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. ESKRIDGE, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

THE present number completes the FIFTH VOLUME of the CLIPPER, and we think it a favorable opportunity of addressing a few words to our numerous readers, in reference to our past as well as our future course.

It is now five years since the CLIPPER was first launched upon the sea of public approbation, and we can point, with feelings of pride and satisfaction, to the high position which it now occupies in the sporting literature of America. When our sheet was originally started, sporting in this country existed but in name. It is true, that the interests of the Turf were in a more prosperous condition than they are even at the present day; a circumstance mainly to be attributed to the high and honorable character of its votaries, the munificent support accorded to the various meetings, and the extraordinary merits of the animals then running on the turf. But there was no journal which regularly and impartially recorded the noble and manly sports of cricket, base ball, aquatics, the trigger, pedestrianism, sparring, the ring, and canine sports; and which by boldly and consistently advocating their claims to public support, as conducting most materially to the physical developement and social happiness of the people, could be regarded as the organ of the sporting world in this country. This want, which had long been so sensibly felt, was intended to be supplied by the CLIPPER, and our large and steadily-increasing circulation is the best and most-convincing proof we can adduce of our success in ministering to this want. We can also point to the extension and adoption of the manly and athletic games of cricket, base ball, pedestrianism, &c., in the States; and which have been caused, in a great measure, by our advocacy of their importance and necessity as a branch of physical education.

The same course of procedure which we have pursued during the past, and which has been so successful, both to the interests of sporting as to ourselves in a business point of view, we intend to pursue for the future. We shall make the CLIPPER a true and faithful chronicle of every kind of sporting matter—and shall endeavor to maintain it in its present position as the organ of the sporting world in America.

There is one department of sporting, however, to which hitherto we have been unable to devote that space and attention which its importance demands, but which, in our next volume, we intend to make a prominent feature—we allude to the turf. Our limited space was one powerful reason why we did not enlarge so much on this subject as we should have wished. But a desire to make the CLIPPER a complete and perfect record of sporting—*the Bell's Life, in fact, of America*, has induced us to make arrangements for remedying this deficiency. We shall therefore, in future, make THE TURF a prominent column in our weekly record, and report fully all races that may occur in different parts of the States and Canada, as well as keep our readers well posted on the result of the principal races in England. The return of Mr. Ten Broeck to the latter country, to commence again another campaign on the turf, will doubtless tend to deepen the interest that is felt in his success. He has taken with him, this time, the renowned Charleston, the pride of the Southern Turf, and we sincerely hope that his career may be more successful and brilliant than that of his predecessors—Lecomte and Prior.

To accomplish our purpose of making our Turf Record as complete as possible, we shall be obliged to the various proprietors of courses and racing authorities in the States to forward us lists and reports of races that are intended to be held, or have recently taken place in their several localities. We also solicit the attention of correspondents to this subject, and shall be glad to have their co-operation.

GORED TO DEATH.—In Woburn Mass., on the 5th, a farm horse belonging to Mr. John Cummings, Jr., was gored to death by a bull which was in the same pasture with him. The horse was valued at $130.

CRICKET.

CRICKET CONVENTION FOR 1858.

A CONVENTION OF DELEGATES from the various Cricket Clubs of the United States will take place, pursuant to adjournment from last year, at the Astor House, in the City of New York, on the evening of MONDAY, THE THIRD OF MAY NEXT, at half-past seven o'clock. Important business by way of systematizing the game of Cricket, and of effecting a national organization under new general rules, will come before the convention. The arrangement of the leading matches of the ensuing season will also be a part of its business. It is expected that delegations will be present from many distant clubs, and it is hoped that every club in the vicinity of New York will be represented. Clubs, whose remoteness from the place of meeting will preclude their presence by delegates, are requested to communicate with the Secretary before that day, pledging their adhesion to the action of the convention. ROBERT WALLER, Chairman of last Convention.

J. H. BLEDWELL, Secretary, Yonkers, N. Y.

HAMILTON VS. MOHAWK.—The first match of the season, club against club, was played at West Philadelphia, on Saturday, 3d, instant, between the above named parties. Owing, no doubt, to the want of practice, the scores were small; the batsmen being, in most cases, beaten by the superior bowling and fielding on both sides. The day was well selected, the sun shining delightfully, which, added to the fact of its being the first run on the turf, caused the game to be enjoyed exceedingly. The annexed figures will show that the victory was gained by the Hamiltonians in one innings. The return game will be played at Camden, on Saturday, 24th instant. The score:

HAMILTON.—First Innings.

1. Troutman c Lane b Davis	3	7. Dechert l b w b Davis	4
2. Pierson l b w b Lane	0	8. Schwartz not out	5
3. J. Lane st Sherrin b Lane	4	9. West b Lane	0
4. T. Collins b Lane	2	10. Stockton b Davis	1
5. N. Kneass c Bradshaw b Lane	0	11. Goddard b Lane	4
6. Fisher l b w b Davis	0	Byes 4, wides 8	12
		Total	35

MOHAWK.

	First Innings.		Second Innings.
1. McGuire c Pierson b Collins	7	c and b Collins	0
2. Moore b Pierson	0	c Schwartz b Dechert	0
3. Lane c and b Dechert	0	b Collins	5
4. T. Davis l b w b Dechert	2	b Collins	0
5. D. Davis b Pierson	0	b Collins	0
6. Scherrin b Dechert	1	run out	2
7. Bradshaw c Goddard b Pierson	2	b Dechert	2
8. Moffate c Collins b Pierson	1	c Fisher b Pierson	3
9. Cavanaugh c Dechert b Pierson	1	not out	0
10. Sutley b Collins	0	b Pierson	1
11. Brown not out	0	c Fisher b Dechert	1
Byes 2, leg bye 1	3	Bye 1, wide 1	2
Total	17	Total	16

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

HAMILTON.—First Innings.

Names.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Pierson	30	5	2	5	0
Dechert	24	3	1	3	0
Collins	36	6	3	2	0
Second Innings.					
Pierson	30	5	3	2	0
Dechert	34	5	2	3	0
Collins	18	1	2	4	0
Kneass	18	3	2	0	1
MOHAWK.—First Innings.					
B Lane	75	7	6	6	2
T. Davis	24	3	2	1	0
D Davis	36	8	2	3	2
Moffate	6	2	0	0	2
Bradshaw	6	3	0	0	2

STAR CLUB, AMSTERDAM.—A member of this club informs us that it is in a most flourishing condition, and to their credit be it said, is composed chiefly of juveniles. They contemplate having a bout with their friends of the Johnstown club, also with the Excelsior of Albany during the season, and anticipate a fair share of success. We advise our young friends to pay great attention to the proper mode of play, especially their fielding, which is fast becoming the most essential part of the game, the part which will in very many cases decide most important events. We would remind them also, that the necessity is almost absolute, that the grounds should be kept in perfect order to ensure good play.

GOOD NEWS FROM BOSTON.—A new club was organized in that city on Thursday evening 8th inst. under the title of the "South End Cricket Club," when the following named gentlemen had the honor of being elected as its first officers:—President, A. R. Whitten; Secretary, C. D. Woodbury; Directors, M. W. Morse, H. A. Rice and J. F. Demeritt. We sincerely hope that this institution will prove a permanent one, and prove successful in whatever engagements they may undertake. We shall take great pleasure in chronicling their doings, which we hope their worthy Secretary will not fail to advise us of

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—A pigeon-shooting match came off last week at the Point House, (formerly kept by Mr. Jno. Sterley, but has now changed owners, and is kept by two gentlemen I do not know, although report says they are both clever fellows and genuine sportsmen.) for a handsome gold watch and chain. The conditions of the match were as follows: to shoot at 5 birds each, 1oz. shot, 21yds. rise and 80yds. boundary. Among the well-known shooters present, I noticed Messrs. Vance, Conway, and our old friends, Carson and Harry J. Young. The following is the summary of the match:

Isaac Carver	0	—0	Francis Conway	1111111111	—10
Wm. Carson	11110	—4	Thomas Farrell	111110	—5
Harry Foster	11110	—4	A. W. Paynter	111110	—5
H. J. Young	11110	—4	Peter Doyle	1110	—3
Arthur Vance	1111111110	—9	Harry Cope	0	—0

The match was consequently won by Mr. Conway, who also won a purse of $10, shot for after the above match was over. All hands then adjourned to the Hotel to partake of a smile together, and then departed home in an omnibus which the proprietors furnished for the occasion. More anon. OLD FRIEND SAM.

OLYMPIC BASE BALL CLUB, BOSTON.—The annual meeting of this spirited and excellent club was held at their rooms on the evening of Wednesday 7th inst., when the following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:—President, A. T. S. Fly; Vice-President, B. F. Rollins; Secretary, E. W. Cody; Treasurer, G. C. Grimes; Director, H. F. Gill. The club which is composed of young men who manifest great enthusiasm in the pursuit of athletic and healthful sports, will open the season with a grand game on the Common, on the morning of Fast Day, commencing at 10 o'clock.

A RAT TALE.—A small half-Scotch, half-English terrier, weighing 15 pounds, fox color, and seriously inclined, which belonged to the editor of the Savannah Republican, while in the office of a cotton merchant smelt a rat, and soon forced the "varmint" from his hiding place. In desperate haste to avoid a bite, the rat made for the first opening, which was the office window, (through which goods are hoisted,) looking over the bluff, four stories high, or about sixty feet from the ground. The rat made a leap, and after him went the terrier, heedless of the consequences. They both reached the ground, side by side, at the same instant, having just missed alighting on a big negro's cranium. Ere the rat could recover from the effects of the jump, he felt himself in the jaws of the terrier, with his spinal bones considerably dislocated. The terrier did not seem at all hurt by such a tremendous leap, and he is now more assiduous than ever in his pursuit of rat tails.

GYMNASTIC FEAT IN CHICAGO.

EXTRAORDINARY WAGER.—Mr. John C. Segris, a gymnast of this city, has made a wager that he can climb the spire of St. Paul's church, corner of Wabash and Van Buren streets, from the outside, ascending the spire from crochets, and stand upright on the summit, returning the same way to the ground—all to be accomplished in the space of 20 minutes, according to the conditions of the wager. The attempt to be made to-day, between the hours of one and two, P. M.

The above statement was sent on Wednesday in letters to each of the papers of this city. Three of them—the *Democrat*, *Journal* and *Press*—published it yesterday.

When the one o'clock bell rung, hundreds of persons were seen wending their way towards the church where the feat was to be performed. Various were the comments among them touching the extraordinary feat, and the possibility of any mortal man accomplishing it without losing his life in the attempt. The reporters of the above named journals wondered what on earth could possess a man to attempt so hazardous an experiment merely to win a bet—unless the bet were a good-sized one. As the crowd drew near the church and beheld the tall, needle-like spire, pointing some hundred and fifty feet towards the clouds, they marveled still more, and much doubt entered the minds of some as to the possibility of any "gymnast," however celebrated, succeeding in any part of the undertaking. In short, they declared positively "they didn't believe it could be done."

The wondering crowd took position near the church and —waited. After waiting a considerable while, some of them asked what time it was. Some others looked at their watches. After this they again looked at the church spire, and wondered why the "gymnast" didn't begin.

At length a man with a white shirt collar started towards the church.

"There he is!" exclaimed several voices, "he's going to begin!"

The crowd gazed eagerly. Several boys got upon the top of a fence. The reporters took out their note books.

Intense agony for half an hour!—!!—?

"What time is it?" asked another eager admirer of gymnastic exercises; "five minutes past two! by jingo! I havn't had my dinner!"

The excitement was becoming tremendous; the agony was awful; when a small boy, with a patch on the seat of his pantaloons, cried out in thunder tones to his companion:

"I say, Johnny, have you been April fooled?"

Very shortly, thereafter, a large number of people might have been seen walking rapidly in different directions away from St. Paul's church.

"Why, Jenks," said a new-comer, meeting an acquaintance in the crowd, "I didn't know they held a noon prayer-meeting up here."

"Just out!" answered Bloggs, snapping off the last word as he disappeared round the corner.

[*Chicago Times, April 2.*

A WILD HORSE TAMED.

THE AMERICAN HORSE TAMER AMONG THE PIRISIANS.

RAREY, the American horse tamer, is at Paris, after astonishing the sporting world of England. The Emperor is to give his plan a trial, and has instituted a commission of all the best known names upon the turf at Paris, the Prince Joachim Murat, the Duc de Polignac, the Counts Aguado, de Grammont, de Morny, &c. After witnessing the success of Rarey upon two or three restive animals whom he speedily reduced to order, the great trial of the day took place upon a well-known entire horse, called Stafford. This beast, which was brought, for the express purpose of the experiment, from the government haros, or training stables, of Cluney, is to all appearance as wild and untamed an animal as that on which Mazeppa himself is depicted to have met his fate. He was brought into Tattersall's yard more in the guise of a wild beast than of a creature supposed to be domesticated, and certainly exhibited a disposition to do mischief with his pins, both for'ard and aft, as well as with his teeth, which retained the by-standers, despite their curiosity, at a most respectful distance. He was brought in with his eyes bandaged, strongly muzzled, and a cavesson on his mouth, held by two men, whose precautions and the terror depicted in their faces, would have made you suppose that they had a mad dog under their custody, and were holding on for their lives. The brute roared and bellowed like a very lion, and his wicked eye literally shot fire when, with the greatest caution, they at last ventured to uncover his head. It is unnecessary to say that he laid about him in all directions on recovering the use of his optics, and woe betide the unfortunate wight who found himself within less than a score of yards or so of his heels! His lunge out was terrific. Of this monster of a horse, Rarey fearlessly laid hold, and seemed, by mere force of will rather than of muscles, to drag him after him into a loose box, where he shut himself up alone for an hour with this agreeable and amiable companion. Some of the spectators appeared to think, not unreasonably, that he would never come out again alive. What passed between the couple while they remained alone together, of course we, who were not in the secret, have no opportunity of learning, but certain it is, that, in the course of an hour, Rarey made his appearance again in the yard, mounted upon the back of Stafford, who was alive but not kicking, and going along as quiet as a lamb, with nothing but a snaffle in his mouth. For a beast who was every now and then in the habit of leaving the marks of his heels on the ceiling of his stable, and of his teeth upon every one who approached him, this was pretty well, and in fact, those who really knew what the animal was could hardly believe their eyes when they saw him under this new character. One of the maxims of the stable which I was taught in my youth, when a rider, was "never to trust a restive horse," and wonderful stories are certainly related how horses, supposed to have been tamed, will watch their opportunity for weeks and even months after and do you a mischief some day when you have forgotten their old tricks, but they have not. It is astonishing what a memory horses have for such things. Whether Stafford's conversion to good breeding be as solid as it is sudden, remains to be seen; certainly it produced all the effect of a miracle upon those who beheld it, and confirmed all parties in their admiration of the American horse tamer and his wonderful powers. Since the above and other exhibitions of the efficacy of the system the commission has made its report to the Emperor, who immediately put down his name as a subscriber for 2,000 francs, in testimony of his admiration. The terms demanded by Rarey for the communication of his secret are, that a list of 500 subscribers, at 250 francs each, should be filled up, when he will at once proceed to initiate them into the mystery. A letter has been published in the Paris papers, detailing the wonderful effects produced by causing a restive horse to inhale the breath of human lungs, and it is asserted, whether truly or not, I cannot pretend to say, that some such operation forms the basis of Rarey's treatment.

DEATH OF THE CELEBRATED STALLION "WASHINGTON."—This celebrated horse died in the vicinity of this city yesterday, of pneumonia and inflammation of the stomach. He was esteemed as equal to the best, and by many as the very best trotting stallion in the world. He was owned by Messrs. F. N. McNairy and Dr. R. C. Foster, who brought him from New York in the Spring of 1856. His death is an irreparable loss to the stock raisers in Tennessee and the South-west, and a heavy pecuniary loss to his owners.—Nashville Whig, April 6.

COURAGEOUS WOMEN.—Courage, in women, is thought by many of the fair sex to be so unfeminine that some fine ladies even affect cowardice, and pretend to be alarmed at the presence of a mouse in the corner, or a cow in a ten-acre lot. But nothing can be more absurd. Fear is often pardoned in women, but it is never admired. It has no connection with gentleness, or even gentility, and is the source of a vast deal of misery and discomfort. Let women cultivate courage.

A HORSE STORY.

THIS abridgment of a horse story is taken from William C. Prime's work, "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," as related to him by one of the governor's officers at Edfou. It is a story of an old Sheik of the Bedouins, which has often appeared in print, but not like this:

"The Sheik was old and poor. He owned a tent, a Nubian slave, and a mare; nothing else. The mare was the fleetest animal on the desert. From the Nile to the Euphrates, the fame of this animal had gone out, and kings had sought in vain to own her. The love of a Bedouin for his horse is not that fabled affection that we read of in books. It is the love of an American nabob for his gold, or a poor laborer for his day's wages. His horse is his life. He can rob, plunder, kill and destroy, *ad libitum*, if he has a fine steed. If he have none, he can do nothing, but is the prey of every one who has. Living this wandering life, the old Sheik was rich in his one mare, which was acknowledged to be the fleetest horse in Arabia. Ibrahim Pasha wished the animal as his father had before him. He sent various offers to the old Sheik, but in vain. At length he sent a deputation with five hundred purses, a purse is five pounds, and the old man laughed at them.

"'Then,' said Ibrahim Pasha, 'I will take your mare.'

"'Try it.'

"He sent a regiment into the desert, and the Sheik rode around them, and laughed at them, and the regiment came home. At last the Sheik died from a wound received in a fray with a neighboring tribe. Dying he gave to his Nubian slave all that he had—his priceless mare—and the duties of his blood revenge. The faithful slave accepted both and has ever since been the terror of the eastern desert. Yearly he comes down like a hawk on the tents of that devoted tribe, and leaves a ball or a lance in a man or woman. No amount of blood satiates his revenge; and the mare and the black rider are as celebrated in Arabia as the wild huntsmen in European forests, and much better known."

WHAT MAUN BE MAUN BE.

AN old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper. Tailors' and shoemaker's wives, as well as clergymen's, often have this turn; it is accidental, or because those worthies of the scissors, soles, and sermons, are always in the house, and, having an opportunity of observing the details in the household economy, wish to have the direction inside as well as outside of the house. If so, we tell the sex to "stand by their order." The tailor's help took ill, and the scythe of Time seemed about to shear through the last stitches that made the couple "one flesh."

"I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife.

"Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose.

"Are ye? is that the way to speak when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you for ever?"

"What wad ye hae me to say? can I sneck the door against death?"

"Deed no, Andre, ye canna sneck the door against the King o' Terrors, nor would ye rise aff your seat to do't, though ye could. Ye're no to lay my banes here amang them o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Withburn, and lay them beside my father and my mother."

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of Time sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense, which indeed, he could ill afford, waived giving an answer, but led on a different conversation.

"Do you hear, Andrew?"

"Oh, yes, I hear."

"Weel, mind what I'm saying; tak' me to Withburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye night and day—do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I hear perfectly—is that pain in youi side aye troupling ye yet?"

"On ay, I'm a' pain the igither, but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here."

"Oh, woman, dino distress yoursel' about that simple circumstance."

"Mind, I'll no lie here, ye maun tak' me to Withburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't."

"Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Withburn, I canna help it, but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

A YOUNG GOURMAND.

We have recently been made acquainted with facts in relation to a juvenile of this city, whose eating propensities exceed even those of Dickens' "fat boy." He is thirteen years of age, well formed, and weighs 80 pounds. Here is a bill of fare which he entirely demolished a few days since by way of lunch, viz: 2 quarts of beef soup, 6 lbs. beef, 12 biscuits, and a quantity of citron; having taken, as a preparatory, one half a pound of raisins and 4 apples. On another occasion he devoured 2 large sausages, raw, 1lb. head cheese, 1 pint of scollops, raw, and 4 apples, before taking his regular dinner, which he enjoyed as usual. By way of ordinary lunches, he has been known to make way with, in two days, 100 doughnuts, fifty 1 cent cakes, and 4 mince pies. A seven-pound turkey barely supplied him for a dinner. He has no fondness for tea and coffee, and never drinks water at his meals. Unlike Dickens' fat boy he is not given to somnolency, and never been caught napping over a "mutton pie."

[New Bedford Mercury.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

What's an old bachelor like? Like himself—nothing else.
No! yes! the elf in society's twaddle,—
Yes, a twaddle,—like a stirrupless saddle,
Or a one-legged stool, or cap that fits a fool—
An old shoe—an empty pottle,
A glass without a bottle,
A fiddle without a bow,
A herring without a roe,
A broken-bolt-mad phial,
A clock without a dial,
A whip without a thong,
Mustard anything but strong,
A door without a rapper,
A bell without a clapper,
A lock there is no locking,
A garter without a stocking—
Altogether, he is very useless and—very shocking!

[Old Song.

JACK BANNISTER, as we remember him in his palmiest days, was one of the funniest fellows agoing. But that is saying but little. One day, in praising the hospitality of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked by a friend if he had been in Cork?

"No," replied the wit, "but I saw a great many drawings of it."

If ever a man enjoyed life, it was certainly Bannister; the world was no "vale of tears" to him. Of him it might truly be said:

——"Whose mouth he couldn't ope,
But out there flew a metaphor or trope."

BOUND TO BUY IT.—Somewhere in the West, a sable knight of the razor and brush held forth, and one day received a customer in the person of a lean specimen of Hoosierdom.

The face of the Hoosier was duly 'soaped,' and darkie's razor was none to keen, as upon the first scrape, Hoosier yelled out:

"Stop, that won't do!"

"What's the matter, boss?" said darkey.

"Why, your razor pulls."

"Oh, never you mind dat, sah. If the handle of the razor don't break, the beard must come off," replied Soapy.

DUMAS is very fond, on gala days, of wearing some dozen or more decorations, consisting of ribbons or crosses. A friend recently protested:

"You look stupid—you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons; which are the color?"——

"Of the grapes we read of in the fable," interrupted Dumas.

THE RACE BETWEEN GRAPEVINE AND POPCORN,

AND WHO HAD THE BEST OF IT.

BY MR. SNOOKS.

THE following laughable sketch originally appeared in the American Turf Register, in 1840. It is good enough to be read again, should any of the CLIPPER readers have seen it in olden time.

Nothing would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges, than is customary, when there is a contest, "the useful old kritter" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and anything could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up-town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a water haul. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the grit, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being able in any way to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four miles was being done, (as the prigs have it), I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skeary nag up the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your byled corn—pour me out a buck load--there--never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel of the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end; and I had some idea in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a fillip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority. I inquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter-race as ever was read of, and I will give it 'em so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode up to the thickest of the crowd. A rough hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was cantering to run his mare against any horse that had mowed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tended twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plow against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon, or plow, or he could beat him running one hundred miles, his weight on each, for $500. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch to amuse the company, for $100. Sorrel took him up, provided Bay carried his present rider, and he would bet somebody; Bay agreed, provided he would not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations—$100 United States Bank bills—were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another $50;—agreed to by Sorrel, who, observing Bay pull out a $100 note, said there was no use making change, as his note was the same amount, and they might as well go the $100. This was promptly agreed to, and another $100 offered and immediately covered—there being $300 a side. Now came a proposal to increase it $300 more; Bay said—"you oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money, I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult the banker. Dan now whispered, "spread yourself on the bay." Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentlaman $10 on the bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June-bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off too consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about short races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a mill-stone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on the bay, coming to get a peep at the sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her he exclaimed—

"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our cake is all dough—that's old Grapevine, and I told you point blank to walk round her, but you're like a member of the Kentucky Legislature, who admitted that if he had a failing it was being a leetle too brave."

"How could I know Grapevine," replied Dave, doggedly; "and you told me you could beat her, anyhow."

"Yes," said Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come a hundred and fifty miles to run them kind of races—Old Thomkins has brought her here, and I like him for a sucker."

"Well," says Dave, "may be I can get off with the race, if you think you'll be licked."

"No," said Crump, "when I go catting, I go a catting; it's mightily mixed up, and there is no telling who's constable until the election is over; it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a leetle ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward and addressed the other party: "Boys," said he, "it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to $100, that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected: a good judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over anybody's percimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated Jack-knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire and his face ached perpetually; but his eyes! his eyes! He was said to have caught a turkey buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived, and thinking he was looking another way; and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could look at his own head! It was objected to him that he could not keep his eyes on the score, as he did not see straight, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that Nature had designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed, at the same moment, with his other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers: and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six foot, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to run to the stand. After another toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was "hurra my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong, lumber--go it with a looseness--root little pig, or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine! tear the hind sights off him!—you'll lay him out cold as a wagon-tire—roll your bones—go it, you cripples!" &c., &c., &c.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a five, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse, and some time after staked another $5, with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risk.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "Clear the track!"—"Stand back!"—"Get off the fence!"—"The riders are mounted!"—They are coming!"—"Now they are off!"--but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure, or false alarm, I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt; I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as tenpenny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New York collectors—they ain't 'cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was going to travel he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise if I won it to let him have it back at $100 in case he went into Georgia this Fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;--Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place; I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a griddle, and fretted greatly--he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward looking striker of old Thompson's holding her by the check of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, not to let loose in any case, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting, doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse- it now being near dark --rode slowly off a short distance, and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump: his neckcloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start, as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion, to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you!" and away she went with an ungovernable. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"That's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say "yes!" if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward: it was no use for me to let go, as it would have been no race any how until you give the word."

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble (an unusual thing), he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, and he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up, and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!"—and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry,

"Glimmering through the gloom."

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"mare's race!"—"no! she crossed over the horse's path!"—"the boy with the shirt rode foul!"—"the horse was ahead when he passed me." After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties that the nag that came out on the left hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left-hand side. The judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry, and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many was for Sunday, after a very ominous silence, and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat anything yet; a dozen of men were produced, who were ready to swear that gimblet-eye was a hundred yards off, drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks, an inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was run, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time; some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket, and those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve;—the crowd clustered together like a bee-swarm. This continued until about nine o'clock, when Crump, finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the matter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. This was received with a yell louder, if possible, than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess that I (for no earthly reason that I can give but the force of example) was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by a person with whom I had bet, and had staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse. "Well," said he, "shell out my five dollars that I put up with that friend of yours—as I can't find him." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on saft corn that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder, and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted, as we were both furreigners from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, twenty foot in the clear, without limb, knot, windshake, or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake. He very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had done gone three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my five dollars on the draw race;—to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some very severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stakes until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me did not know him from a side of sole leather.

I left the course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking, and offering large bets; he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting sometime, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar, and commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he. "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris County, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened: you see, when you offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win, and if he had won, you know, of course it made no difference to you whether I had stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary [a whiskey shop in a log pen fourteen feet square], and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you perhaps never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was pizen, so I came out of the leetle end of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack; so, as you don't want the money, I'll negotiate just to suit you exactly; I'll give you my dubisary: I dont know that I can pay it this year, unless the crap of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably; and I'll tell you exactly my principle—if a man waits for me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready: but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving there was nothing else to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's dubisary, hoping at the same time that at least enough of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have five dollars more for a stake, but on my declining, he said, "Well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of caligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, }
Jessamine County. } Due Dempsey, the just and lawful sum of Ten Dollars, for value received, payable on the 25th Day of December, 1836 or 1837, or any time after that I am able to discharge the same. As witness my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS. [SEAL]

I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter race again.

HOW GROGAN WAS SERVED OUT;

OR, THE FIGHT OF "RAGGED ACRE" AND "GILLINAGREEN."

WE were seated in Mrs. Mulvany's little back room, enjoying a game of "forty-fives," the game stood two forty-s, hearts were trumps, and now the best card won the porter. I triumphantly threw out the jack of trumps, with: "There, beat that if you can!" when Ned Nolan, as cool as a cucumber, down with the five spot, saying as he did so:

"There's for you; that sarves you out worse nor Dinny Byrne served the peeler."

I had never heard the story of Dinny's getting the best of that government official, and so at once asked Ned to tell it.

"In with the porter, and here's for it." The malt was soon on the table, and after wetting his whistle, he began:

"It was the fair day of Cashel; the day was purty well spent—there was a dale of the craythur spilt down dhry throats since morning, an' what with the dancing, an' the coorting, an' the chasing grased pigs, an' the bussing, an' the jumping, an' the divarsion ginerally, the boys wor purty well warmed up. Well, it happened somehow in one of the shebeens that Mickey Foley caught somebody else dancing with his girl, and of coorse Mickey didn't like that, so he gintly insinivated, with the butt end of a shillely on the other fellow's nob, that such conduct was against his notions of gintility. Well, the other fellow thought differently, and to let Mickey know it, he hit back a rap with his *kippeen*. One clout brought on another, an' soon the whole fair was at it. Men, women and childher, sticks, tint-poles and fists; 'Ragged Acre!' was the cry of the Foleys, Murphys, Caseys, Donovans and their side of the fair—'Gillinagreen!' shouted the O'Briens, the Kellys, the Burks, the Flanigans an' their boys.

"It was one of the most beautiful fights I ever saw in the whole coorse of my life, an' you must know I have seen a few. By the vartue of me oath, but it would have done you good to hear the sound of the blackthorn's on the skulls; there was black eyes and bloody noses be the dozen. The ruction was at its height, whin word come that the peelers were coming down from the barracks to put an ind to the fun, but that didn't cause the laist taste of a cessation of hostilities, as Captain Grady used to say.

"Well, in a mighty short time, who should come on the fair ground but ould Gregory Grogan, a sargeant in the peelers. As soon as Dinny Byrne saw him, he made up his mind to get him a 'lambasting,' so Dinny goes up to him, an' 'Sargeant Grogan,' says he, 'for the love of marcy lave the ground. There's a lot of the boys there, and they're swaring to have your life.'

"'What, my life?' says the ould thief o' the world; 'do they forget who I am?'

"'*Hannah mon dhioul*, man! it's little they care who you are; an' it's a wondher if they're not gone round to head you off.'

"'Oh, murther, what'll become of me?' says the sargeant, now frightened out of his life at the bare thought of being cut off from the barracks, and left at the mercy of a wild faction.

"'Come with me, man alive!' says Dinny, 'and I'll save you, if you'll do just as I tell you.'

"'Do so,' says the peeler, 'and I'll always be your friend.'

"Well Dinny took him into the shebeens, an' in less than a brace of shakes he had him rigged out in a cerduroy *shuit*, with a bright green ribbon in his hat. 'Now,' says he, 'run for your life through the crowd yonder; an' if you come among any of the orange ribbons, shout *Ragged Acre* as loud as ever you can, and they'll let you off.'

"'Thank you kindly,' says Grogan, and off he started full sphlit among the crowd that was fighting away. In a minnit he found himself among about a hundred of the O'Briens, with orange ribbons flying from the roofs of their caubeens. 'Ragged Acre,' shouted he, thinking of what Dinny tould him. 'Ragged Acre, is it?' says one, hitting him a polthogue that flured him; in less than a minnit about fifty of them wor bathering about his ears bating him black an' blue, an' Dinny looking at thim ready to burst with laughing. Well, to make a long story short, they bate the very daylight out of the murthering blaggard. He was carried home on a shutter, not able to spake a word; an' for ever afther he never could hold up his head when he'd hear the name of Dinny Byrne.

STRENGTH AND PERSEVERANCE OF DEER.

A CHASE, remarkable for the evidence which it includes of strength and perseverance in deer and dogs, took place towards the close of the last century. The Earl of Thanet's bounds hunted a stag which was turned out of Whitfield Park in Westmoreland. During the long and severe chase the noble animal kept ahead till the whole pack were thrown out with the exception of two favorite hounds, which, like those of black St. Hubert's breed in the "Lady of the Lake," toiled after the swift game. At last, the stag came back to the park out of which he had been turned, leaped the wall, expired in the accomplishment of that supreme effort. One of the hounds followed up to the wall, where he fell exhausted, and died upon the spot; the other was found dead at no great distance. There was no one to tell accurately the length of the chase, but it was seen at Red Kirks, near Annan in Scotland, distant about forty miles by the post-road; and it was conjectured that the stag and the two brave hounds could not have run less than from seventy to eighty miles at a killing pace. The horns of this stag were the largest ever seen in that part of the country.

Robert Bruce, hunting on the Petland Hills, had frequently roused a "white faunch deer," which as frequently had baffled his hounds. On one occasion he asked the nobles who surrounded him, whether any of them had dogs which they thought could run that deer down. Courtiers were made of the same materials then as they are formed of now, and none of them ventured to assert that his hounds were fleeter than the king's, until outspoken Sir William St. Clair, of Rosiline, said, without ceremony, that he would wager his head that his two favorite dogs, *Help* and *Hold*, would kill the deer before she could cross the March burn. The king instantly staked the forest of Pentland Moor against the life of Sir William.

All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratches of slow hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook; upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook, and Help, coming up, turned her back and killed her on Sir William's side. The king descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Loganhouse, Earncraig, &c., in free forestrie. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katharine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katharine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill from which King Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted is called the Knight's Field.

MARY MALONEY'S IDEA OF A LOVER.

"WHAT are you singing for?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy."

"Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried with a hearty Irish laugh. "Oh, what a hand ye be after for joking; why I hasn't a penny, let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead."

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney with a touch of genuine pathos, "may the angels make her bed in heaven."

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose."

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is—the creature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board."

"Sure, the bit crater, an' she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"You havn't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable, is it? O, yes, I put a piece of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico gown looks as big as the great ladies. But then ye says true; I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnit to me head, barring the ould hood ye gave me."

"You havn't any lover, Mary Maloney."

"O, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days when the hard times is come. No, no, thank heaven, I ain't got that to trouble me yet—nor I don't want it. There was me sister that married in ould Ireland; she took up with a lover at the time I took down with the measles—an' sure I got well first. She used to go about pinin' and sighin' till me veery heart was achin' to see her so dolemulfully; but by-and by she got married, and her husband drinked and bate her, and that's all she got for her sorrow. Ketch this Mary Maloney taking any such distress on her as that."

"What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover, why, where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work and a sup sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then, if deep trouble comes, why—God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come and ax me, but the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction was so droll! But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband, and her drunken brother.

[Boston Olive Branch.

AN ENGLISH ADVERTISING DOCTOR.

WE cut the following *genuine production* from the English correspondence of one of our newspaper exchanges. It is worthy of perservation.

Rogers Giles, Sur John Parish Clark and Skulemaster reforms ladys and gentlemen that he draws teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest tarms, and visiks for a penny a peace. He Zells Godfathers Cordel, kuts korns, and undertakes to keep everybodys Nayles by the year or so on. Young ladees and gentlemen larned their grammer language in the purtiest manner, also gurt care taken off their morals and Spellin, also garm singing teeching the base vial and all sorts of phancy Work. Queer drills, pokers, Weazils, and all other Contrary dances tort at hoam and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuf in all its branches. As time be cruel bad, He begs to tell that he is just begun to sell all sorts of tashuary wares, Kox, Hens, foles, chux, Poltry, Blaking hauls, herrings and coles, skrubbin brushes, trakel, Godly bokes and Bibles, Gimlets, mice-traps, brickdust and Whisker seed, and all sorts of sweet meets, including taters, sassages, and garden stuff, also phrute, hats, zongs, hoyle, lattin bukets, and other eatables. Korn and bunyard zarve, and all hardwares. He also performes flea-bottomy on the shortest notice; and farthermore in patickeler he he has laid in a large assortment of type, dog's meet, lollippops and other pickels—such as Hapsom Zalts, boysters, windzer Zoap, &c., old rags bort and sold hear and nowhereselse, new laid eggs every day by me Roger Giles.

A CURIOUS BOY.—A boy was recently convicted in Hartford for theft. His father pleaded for him before the Court, but said, in extenuation, "James is a good boy, but *he will steal!*"

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Owing to the very general and, we might say, enthusiastic interest which has been elicited by our various problems with a number of moves rising above the swaddling-clothes standard of "six, at most," we again present one from the masterly hand of our esteemed and much vi-per-tuperated contributor, Theo. M. Brown. "Pollux" (No. 94) no one ever succeeded in solving; to the first one of our whole corps who shall succeed in unravelling this, we will present, as a prize for skill and rapidity in solution, a copy of "Lewis' 100 Problems." The position, though artificial and elaborate in the highest degree, is, we believe, quite perfect.

JOHN BARTLETT, Esq., Cambridge, Mass.—We will, at our leisure, examine your very interesting document, and report at some length, though, probably, not for three or four weeks, as our columns are already crowded for that time. It is the first new scheme of the kind at which we would even look. Meanwhile, if you have any communications, either to us, or for publication, that you wish to make, send them fully and freely, assured that they shall receive the most respectful attention.

L. F. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Your surmise with regard to "Vincenzio" is correct; both he and "Cricketer" are our private pupils, and members of the West-End Chess Club. The same arrangement the latter has made with H. A. B., the former is most happy to make with you. If your move reaches us by Thursday, you may usually expect to see it, and the answer, the next week. Thanks for compliments.

A NOVICE, Lockport, N. Y.—When doubtful points occur, refer them without hesitation to us, assured that it always gives us pleasure to resolve such doubts. A. is correct; the stale-mate made a drawn game.

R. J. W., Boston, Mass.—Hallo! a letter in your familiar hand is as refreshing as a summer shower; we were just going to send "the order" after you. Thank you for the news; send a selection. We think they should.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—We congratulate you on your success; shall expect to hear from you yourself, shortly.

C. W. C., Esq., London, C. W.—We trust you will not be displeased with the accompaniments to your little game. Be assured we shall gladly welcome any other games, or problems, or any farther Chess intelligence, from yourself or any of your leading players.

CARRW, Catskill, N. Y.—If addressed to your *nom de plume*, will the Prospectus and By-Laws of the West-End Chess Club reach you? If so, that would be the best way of answering a part of your letter. Consider yourself in duty bound to instruct those ladies. Our compliments to your friend; tell him to send them on. You are doubtless correct about your problem; any more? We look upon Sarratt's *New Treatise* as the most thorough and perfect work of the kind ever published; for a "Staunton" we will keep a look-out. You would have found us most happy to welcome you. After May 1st *prox.* our address will be 93 W. 23d street, instead of 172, as now.

C. P.—You will observe that we have been obliged to decipher and write out some of the moves in the solution of your End-Game; should you favor us with farther contributions, please save us that unnecessary trouble by writing out clearly all moves, according to our style of notation.

J. P., Philad'a.—Mostly right, this time; but don't fail to get the board and men. Keep it up.

WANKINCO, Wareham, Mass.—J. P. solves your Prob. 106, thus: "will it wash?"

1..B to K 5 +	P × B	3..Q to her 3	P to K 5
2..Q-her 7	P-Q Kt 6	4..Q-her 6, mate.	

Y. Y. Z., Baltimore, Md.—Welcome to our ranks; your problem shall have all due attention. We hold the Problems, as a whole, in a little the higher estimation; though we have some Enigmas of very great beauty. Solution, right. A passage of your pleasant letter we can but copy. "In spite of the vaunting and boasting of the Chess Editor of—[one of our neighbors]—you have left that worthy individual far in the distance, in all departments of the game. Long life and good luck to you, say I." Thank you, and a return of that last. And yet do you know there are some snobocrats here actually affecting to *ignore* the Chess existence of the CLIPPER? We are in constant receipt of the most gratifying proofs that we are making our mark as fast, at least, as the very snobbiest of them.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, Mass.—Many thanks for your pains! For any service we can render you in New York, just command us. In particular, if you go to anybody else for Chess errands, we'll up fist and—let you alone, from that day out.

C. A. M., New Orleans.—Your No 2, containing games 3d and 4th, never came into our possession; would you do us the kindness to forward another—or a slip containing your department—and thus lay us under great obligations?

DR. L., N. Y.—Wrong?—Of course it was; do they ever get anything right? About a week, or perchance two, after the CLIPPER has had an item of Chess news you may always find it there, garbled, bungled, and as full of misstatements "as an egg is full of meat."

CUSHNOC, Augusta, Me.—Thanks for your kind and friendly letter. Up to the hour of writing, we have not seen your friend. We shall be most happy to introduce him to the chess circles, show him our library, &c., etc. How we wish we *could* avail us of your kind invitation! Will assist you about books in any way possible. Send a selection of those problems. The only solitary one we know of now, is "Lewis' 100." Problem 108, right. Neat, isn't it?

SEQUENCE, Albany, N. Y.—That's laughable. You say we printed the first batch of moves correctly, but have made some blunders since. Now since that first batch of moves, Albany *vs* Utica, we have not heard word or move of the match till now, and consequently, have printed *nothing*, right or wrong. You are in the condition of your friend "Roy," having overloaded your gun and shot the other way. Oh, we see; you must have mixed us up with some of our neighbors; don't be so cruel as to do that again—anything but that!

ROY, Albany.—We should be right glad to welcome a few more of your pleasant epistles.

CHESS IN LYNN.—An interesting series of matches of seven games each is now being contested in the Sagamore Chess Club. There were twelve contestants in the first set, the victors being the following gentlemen, thus re-matched:

G. Hawkes *vs.* A. O Attwill.
E. Parsons, Jr., *vs.* E. A. Ingalls.
C. A. Taber *vs.* N. J. Holden.

THE BOSTON TOURNAMENT is rapidly approaching completion, and our correspondents begin to predict the winner.

ADJOURNED.—The business meeting of the N. Y. Club, noticed in our last, stands adjourned to Thursday eve, of this week (15th inst.) The meeting is one of great interest to all who desire the prosperity of our Club, and all such should make a special effort to be present. An important committee report is to be made and acted upon.

SOLUTIONS.

OF GEM NO. 10.

Lewis gives a very elaborate solution of this position, but want of space compels us to content ourselves with translating the following terse solution from the "Handbuch."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..P to Q Kt 6	P to K B 6	5..K to R 2	B to Q 3
2..P-K Kt 3	P-K R 5	6..Q-K Kt 3	P Queens +
3..P-Q Kt 7 (a)	R P × P	7..Q × Q	B × Q +
4..P Queens	P-Kt 7 +	8..K × B, and the *partie* is drawn.	

(a) Were Black to take R P, White would win.

OF GEM NO. 11.

Of this odd affair numerous solutions have been acknowledged.

White.	White.	White.	White.
1..B × P (b)	6..B to his sq	11..B to R 3	16..B × P
2..B-home	7..B × P	12..B × P	17..B-R 3
3..B × P	8..B-home	13..B-R 3	18..B-his 5
4..B-home	9..B-R 3	14..B × P	19..B × Kt,
5..B × P	10..B × P	15..B-R 3	and Black is

now forced to reply 19..Kt × R, giving checkmate.

(b) All White's moves give (ch) either direct or by discovery, and Black's replies are so strictly forced that they need not be written out.

OF PROBLEM NO. 106.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Q to her B 7	P × B	3..Q × B 2d P	Anything
2..Q × Q P +	K-his 5	4..Q mates.	

OF PROBLEM NO. 107.

1..Kt to Q 6	K to B 3 (1)	4..R to Q B 5 +	K to Q 5
2..Kt-K 4 +	K-B 4 *best*	5..R-Q 5, mate.	
3..K-R 7	K-his 4 "		
	(1)		
1..	K to Kt 3 (2)	4..R to K Kt 5 +	K to Q 5
2..R to K Kt 7 *best*	K-B 3 *best*	5..R-Q 5, mate.	
3..Kt-K 4 +	K-his 4 "		
	(2)		
1..	K to R 5 (3)	4..B to K B 7 +	K to B 4
2..Kt to K 4	K-R 4 (4)	5..R-K R 5, mate.	
3..R-K R 7 +	K-Kt 3		
	(3)		
1..	P to K 7	4..B to K B 7	Anywhere
2..Kt to K 4 +	K-Kt 3 *best*	5..R-K R 7, mate.	
3..R-K Kt 7 +	K-R 3 or 4 "		
	(4)		
2..	K to R 6	4..R × P	K to R 5
3..R-Q B 2	P-K 7 *best*	5..R-R 2, mate.	

One of the finest five move problems ever concocted in this country, and the very choicest we ever had the honor to present. Not a single contributor appears to have been able to solve it, thoroughly.

OF PROBLEM NO. 108.

1..B to Q 2 | B × B; 2..Kt to Q B 4 + B × Kt; & Q mates

OF PROBLEM NO. 109.

1..R to his 3 best	K to his 4 best	3..B to Q 3	Anything
2..B-Q B 4	Anything	4..R-R 5, mate.	

We are aware that by the rules of "strict construction" the above is not the only solution; but all others, we believe, amount to the same thing.

OF ENIGMA NO. 106.

1..Q × Kt +	K × Q (1)	3..P to K Kt 4, mate.
2..K × P	Anything	
	(1)	
1..	K to his 2	2..Q × P +, 3..Q mates.

OF ENIGMA NO. 107.

1..P to Q B 5	K to R 7	5..B to K B 3	B to Q Kt 2
2..B-K B 5	K-R 8	6..P × P	Anything
3..B-K R 3	K-R 7	7..P Queens, giving checkmate.	
4..B-K Kt 2	P-R 6		

OF ENIGMA NO. 108.

1..Q × Kt +	K to R 2	4..B to B 4 +	K to Kt 3
2..R × P +	K × R *best*	5..Kt-K 5 +	K moves
3..Q × R +	Q interposes	6..Q × Q, [Q. E. D.]	

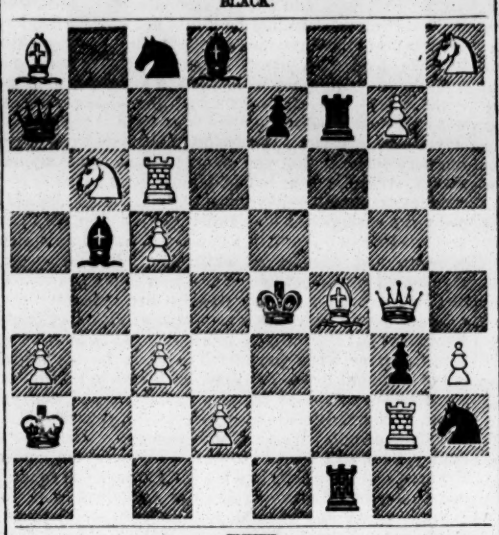
OF ENIGMA NO. 109.

1..R to R sq + | K to Kt sq | 2..B P becomes Kt, and 3..mates

PROBLEM NO. 110.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

A PRIZE PROBLEM.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate the Black K on his Q 2d sq., with a Kt., in *twenty* moves.

GAME NO. 110.

Lively game, in which Mr. C. F. Smith gives our contributor, C. W. Cradock, Esq., the odds of P and 2 moves.—*British Chess Review.*

(Remove the K. B. P. from the array of the Defence.)

Attack, C. W. Cradock.	Defence, C. F. Smith.	Attack, C. W. Cradock.	Defence, C. F. Smith.
1..P to K 4		21..R to K sq (f)	Kt to K 2
2..P-Q 4	P to K 3	22..Q-home	Kt-Q 4 +
3..K B-Q 3	Q-K 2 (a)	23..K-Q Kt 3	R-K 2
4..P-K 5	Q Kt-B 3	24..Q-K Kt 4	Q B-his 5 +
5..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 3	25..K × Q B	Kt-Q Kt 5 +
6..P-K R 4	Q Kt-Q sq	26..K-Q Kt 3	K R × R
7..P-K R 5	Q Kt-K B 2	27..Kt-Q B 5 dis +	K-Kt sq
8..Q Kt-B 3 (b)	P-Q 3	28..Kt-Q 3	R-K Kt 8
9..Q Kt-K 4	Q B-Q 2	29..P-K Kt 3	Q P × P
10..Q Kt-K Kt 5	K B-Kt 2	30..Q P × P	P-Q R 4
11..R P × P	R P × P	31..P-Q R 3	R-Q R 8
12..Kt-K B 7	P-K Kt 4	32..P-Q B 3	P-Q B 4
13..K Kt × P	Q Kt × Kt	33..P-Q B 4	P-Q R 5 +
14..Q B × Kt	Q × Q B (c)	34..K-Q B 2	R-Q 2
15..Q Kt × Q	K R × R +	35..P-K 6	R-Q 5
16..K B-home	B-Q Kt 4	36..Q × Q R	B P × Q (g)
17..K-Q 2 (d)	Q B × B (e)	37..P-K 7	Kt × B P
18..Q-K B 3	Castles	38..P Queens +	K-B 2
19..Kt × K P	K B-R 3 +	39..Q-K B 7 +, and the Defence resigned.	
20..K-Q B 3	Q R-Q 2		

(a) This move, in defending the P and 2 moves attack, was first introduced and illustrated by Mr. Staunton. It has since been examined by many eminent players, and the result goes to confirm his opinion that it is likely to become a standard defence to that attack. Here is one of Staunton's own openings, soon after the introduction of this move.—C. P. C., vol. 11, p. 1.

Attack, G. Medley.	Defence, Staunton.	Attack, G. Medley.	Defence, Staunton.
1..P to K 4		6..K Kt to his 5 (2)	P to K Kt 3
2..P-Q 4	P to K 3	7..K Kt-B 3	K B-R 3 (3)
3..K B-Q 3	Q-K 2	8..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Q 2
4..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3 (1)	9..Q Kt-K 4	P × K P
5..P-K 5	Q Kt-B 5 (4)	10..Q P × P	Castles Q R, &c

The game was won by Mr. S.

(1) Mr. S. much prefers this to playing it two steps, at the outset.
(2) Playing the Kt thus is an effective move when the Defence has advanced P to Q 4th, but in the present case it is only lost time.
(3) An indispensable caution when the present defence is adopted.
(4) In the two games following the one selected, Mr. S. here advanced P to Q 4th.
(b) Taking P with P would not gain the K Kt P, as the Q Kt of the Defence would, after the exchange of R's, defend it.
(c) A bold venture on the part of the Defence.
(d) This appears to be his best move.
(e) If R take B, Attack (ch) with Q at R 5th.
(f) We believe he had here a much stronger line of play at command; suppose—

21..P to K Kt 3	Q B to Kt 7 *best*	23..R × R	Q B × R
22..Q-K Kt 4	Kt-K 2	24..Q-K R 5, and the Attack obtains a great advantage.	

Had the Defence played 21..K R to K Kt 8th, instead of as above, the Attack would have played Q to K R 5th, and then to K Kt 4th.
(g) This is a good style.

ORIGINAL

Game kindly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Cradock, now President of the London (C. W.) Chess Club.

KING'S GAMBIT ACCEPTED.

Attack, C. W. Cradock.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, C. W. Cradock.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	8..P to K 5	Q P × P
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	9..K Kt × P	Q B-K 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	10..Q-K sq	Q Kt-Q 2
4..K B-Q B 4	K B-Kt 2	11..Kt × K B P	K × K Kt
5..Castles	P-K R 3	12..Q × Q B +	K-Kt 3
6..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	13..K B-Q 3 +	K-R 4
7..P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	14..Q mates.	

ENIGMA NO. 110.—FROM PONZIANI.

WHITE.—K at his Kt 2; P at Q R 2d.
BLACK.—K at his R sq; P's at K R 4, K Kt 4, K B 5, K 4, and Q 4th.
White to play and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND.—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
28..P to Q R 5	R takes K B P
29..Q to K B 3	R takes R

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
24..Q R to K B sq	K B to K 4
25..B to K Kt 3	K to his sq
26..P to Q B 4	

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
10..Q Kt to B 3	P to Q R 3
11..Q Kt to Q 5	K to Q 2
12..P to Q Kt 4	P to Q B 3

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.

White—H. A. B.	Black—Cricketer.
9..P to K R 3	Q to K B 3
10..Q B to K Kt 5	Q to K Kt 3

BETWEEN B. W., JR., AND G. H. H.

Black—B. W., Jr.	White—G. H. H.
5..P to Q 4	K P takes P
6..P to K 5	P to Q 4
7..K P takes Kt	

BETWEEN ALBANY AND UTICA.

GAME FIRST.—EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack—Albany.	Defence—Utica.
5..P to Q B 3	K B to Q B 4
6..P to Q 4	K P takes P
7..B P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3
8..Castles	P to Q 3
9..P to Q 5	Q Kt to K 2

BETWEEN L. F. B. AND VINCENZIO.

Attack—L. F. B.	Defence—Vincenzio.
4..Q Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3
5..P to Q 3	P to K R 3
6..Castles	Castles

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

THIS work, the most reliable Draught book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, with numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the CLIPPER office. Price, $2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRY, of Buffalo.—"Keep 'em a comin'." Your last on hand.

☞ Other correspondents will be attended to in our next.

THE THEORY OF THE MOVE AND ITS CHANGES.—[Continued.]

BY JOHN PATTERSON, MATHEMATICIAN, 70 Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, Scotland.

From Anderson's Treatise.

The same rule, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to the even set. The rule may be more briefly stated by adopting, as a sort of conventional phraseology, the terms or expressions naturally employed in the case of equal forces—thus:

If the sum of all the captures and of the counters in either set is odd, the move is changed in *that set*; but, if even, the move is not changed in *that set*. Here it is obvious that the rule of captures and counters must be put twice into operation, in order to ascertain the state of the move in both sets; otherwise dismissing the counters.—To be continued.

TO OUR PATRONS.

☞ WITH this issue closes the present volume; but *not* our connection with the draught correspondents of the CLIPPER. Although our task is by no means a light one, still on the whole it is one which we should relinquish with sincere regret, and shall ever remember with honest pride. And why not? is not the CLIPPER the exponent of our game for the Western Hemisphere! And are we not constantly unfolding new combinations; and bringing up new and beautiful demonstrations from the measureless depths of draught science? In the short space of three years we produced nearly as much original matter on the game as before existed!

New contributors are constantly "flocking around our standard," and the "field marshals" are "bound not to desert us." May we not then confidently promise ourselves a richer "intellectual feast" in the future, than has already been enjoyed in the past? There can be but one reply. With our resources we fear no competition, as sail after sail unfurls, and we weigh anchor for our "sixth voyage," allow us to greet you one and all, with the assurance that our return "into port" in 1859 shall be signalized by a "deeper draught" and more "valuable cargo" than ever "walked the waters." All hands ahoy! up anchor—and away!

A CARD.

MARCH 25, 1858.

J. F.—*Sir:* I fully pardon you; we both ought to bear in mind more frequently—"the more haste, the worse speed." I have erred also. I can't help thinking Anderson has "fizzled" in replying to the 28 to 22 move of Single Corner, showing 3 wins for White, to 4 for Black; while he has but one more move for White, and that a "catch!" Also that 6 to 10 gives the 2d side at *least* an equal game. My 7th, 9 14, *must* run into Anderson's 4th, or lose. But 15 to 19 is better than either.

What says J. F.? Will J. F. and E. Hull please send their addresses to "Nemo," box 118, Princeton, New Jersey, and vastly oblige

NEMO.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, March 25, 1858.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* By all means lay the diagram before your many contributors. You are aware that we never can understand the exposition of the move, as expressed by Mr. Patterson, till we have a published work of the same.

Some of my friends, who are old players, say that they think the 32 numbers are quite sufficient; and whoever invented the Checker Board first, never would have thought of calling the first number 11, and continuing till 88, while the Board only contains 64 squares, and the pieces played on the half of that number.

Should you see fit to encourage me in my enterprise, for comparison, I will give a game from* Andderson's Treatise, numbered from Patterson's Natural System, and Bro. Jonathan's "NEW MODE," when it will be seen that the old and even numbers can be as well represented by 32 as 88. This more particularly after.

I am sorry that it has not fallen into abler hands to carry out this understanding, but with the co-operation of yourself and the New York CLIPPER there is no such word as fail.

Yours, "BRO. JONATHAN."

* Your readers, perhaps, would rather like an original game.

A CARD.

BUFFALO, April 1, 1858.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Augustus has *not* proved my Whilter last.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	3..11 to 16	26 to 23
2..7 11	22 17	4..8 11	17 13

This last Anderson lays down as a losing move. I still believe it can be drawn.

5..16	20	25	22	7..4	8	31	26
6..9	14	29	25	8..2	7	22	17

I don't think Whites have now a draw if Blacks reply with 5 to 9, if well played.

9..5	9	25	22	13..15	24	28	19
10..1	5	23	18	14..11	16	17	14
11..14	23	27	18	15..10	17	21	14
12..20	27	32	23	16..16	20	30	25

Blacks can now win by playing 20 to 24, but the move Augustus made (8 to 11) can only draw as follows:

17..8	11	25	21	22..16	20	23	16
18..11	16	22	17*	23..12	19	26	22
19..20	24	19	15	24..24	27	22	18
20..7	10	14	7	25..27	31	17	14
21..3	19	18	15	26..31	26	14	10
						Drawn.	

—Or—

20..16	19	23	16	25..23	27	7	3
21..12	19	26	22	26..27	31	3	8
22..7	10	14	7	27..31	27	8	11
23..3	10	15	11	28..24	28	11	16
24..19	23	11	8			Drawn.	

* Augustus moved 19 to 15; rather *verdant* for so strong a player as he is.

Now that Augustus is "played out" and "laid upon the shelf," I will take Blacks at their 17th move and go 20 to 24, in place of 8 to 11, and win thus:

17..20	24	14	10	22..17	21	22	17
18..7	14	19	15	23..22	30	26	22
19..24	27	15	19	24..27	31	23	18
20..6	15	18	4	25..31	26, and wins.		
21..14	17	13	6				

Yours truly, HARRY.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 205.

NEW SERIES.

BY T. L. GRAHAM.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..25 to 22	17 to 26	4..14 to 18	7 to 23
2..32 27	28 32	5..29 25, and wins.	
3..20 16	11 27		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 206.

NEW SERIES.

BY PATRICIUS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..6 to 10	13 to 6	5..10 to 14	2 to 7
2..14 17	22 13	6..31 27	7 10
3..11 16	20 11	7..27 20	10 17
4..8 31	6 2(a)	8..20 24, and wins.	
	(a)		
4..	23 18	7..1 10	6 2
5..31 27	24 20	8..27 24, and wins.	
6..10 14	18 9		

GAME NO. 108.—NEW SERIES.

FROM NEMO.—WHILTER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	14..8 to 12 (1)	31 to 26
2..9 14	22 17	15..3 8	19 15
3..7 11	25 22	16..10 19	17 10
4..11 16	26 23	17..6 15	18 6
5..5 9	17 13	18..1 10	23 7
6..16 20	30 26	19..19 24	27 23
7..8 11 (a)	19 16	20..24 27	26 22
8..12 19	23 7	21..27 31	23 18
9..2 11	22 17	22..8 11	7 3
10..15 18 (b)	26 23	23..31 26 (c)	3 8
11..4 8	24 19	24..26 17	21 14
12..11 15	29 25	25..15 29	8 15
13..15 24	28 19	26..12 16	15 18
	and White wins.		

(1)

14..8	11	19	16	18..22	25	7	2
15..11	15	16	11	19..25	30	2	7
16..18	22	25	18	20..1	5	23	19
17..15	22	11	7	and White wins.			

NOTES BY NEMO.

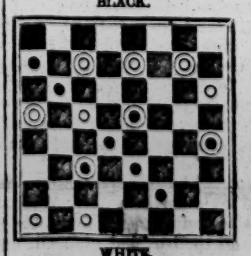
(a) I believe this is the losing move.
(b) If Black can be played better from this point, I would like to know "the how."
(c) Anything else "no better."

POSITION NO. 207.

NEW SERIES.

BY G. R. MARDEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

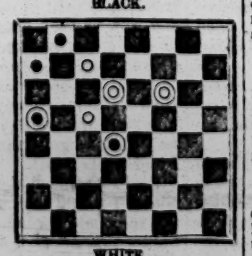
Black to move and win

POSITION NO. 208.

NEW SERIES.

BY "OCEOLA."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.	White—A. F.
13..14 18	15 6
14..18 25	

BETWEEN P. W. AND GREENHORN.

Black—Greenhorn.	White—P. W.
3..8 11	29 25
4..4 8	25 2
5..9 13	24 19

BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND PATRICIUS.

Black, Patricius.	White, On the Square
1..11 15	22 17
2..8 11	23 19
3..9 14	

BETWEEN CLYDE AND MACBETH.

White, Macbeth.	Black, Clyde.
3..24 15	10 19
4..23 16	12 19

BETWEEN LE DIABLE AND AMERICAN.

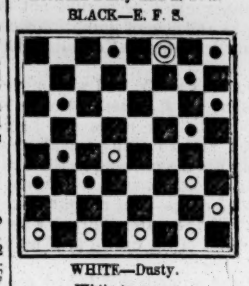
Black, Le Diable.	White, American.
2..9 14*	26 23
3..8 11	

* First given 9 13, which was not correct.

MATCH GAME.

Between Dusty and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

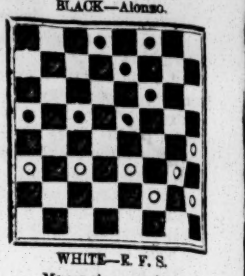


WHITE—Dusty.
White to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.



WHITE—E. F. S.

Moves since our last.		
Black.	White.	
9 to 14	15 to 9	
5 14	White to move.	

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

From the fact that two of the "eminent tragedians" have closed their engagements at the expiration of a week, it is but reasonable to infer that things did not work to the mutual advantage of actor and manager. Mr. and Mrs. Stark closed at Wallack's on the 10th, after a not very profitable series of six nights' performances. Mr. Edwin Booth brought his labors to an end on the same evening, at Burton's, the audiences not being very large during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Waller, however, seem to have met with better success, at the Broadway, and, in consequence, have run into a second week. The effect of a double dose of the "eminent" was tried on at Wallack's on last Monday evening, on which occasion Mr. E. L. Davenport and Mr. Edwin Booth appeared together in the tragedy of Othello, the former as Othello, and the latter as Iago, with Mrs. Hoey as Desdemona. Mr. Booth goes next to the National, Cincinnati.

The Musard Concerts commenced at the Academy of Music on the 12th, after a deal of the usual preliminary puffing, at which Mr. Musard is an adept. From appearances the "Musard" will be a failure, for the attendance thus far has not been up to the desired mark. Concerning the masked balls, we do not hear so much just now; this foreign innovation will hardly answer at this present period, even in the metropolis of America, for our citizens cannot be expected to engage in such affairs after having their morals so overhauled in our recent religious "business prayer meetings." We hear, nevertheless, that a number of the "lascivious" sons and daughters of the pilgrims look with favor upon the projected masked balls, and are preparing themselves for a good time generally should the "novelty" be inaugurated. Talk about your model artists; why the Musard *ball masqueers* will outshine anything of the kind ever witnessed in this city. Talking about Musard, it is now a pretty well settled fact that the original is still in Europe, *ever* importation being a sort of second edition, *not* revised, corrected, and otherwise improved.

Boucicault's "Invisible Husband" has been revived at Wallack's with the "whole strength of the company" in the cast. It is among the rumors of the day that that excellent actress, Mrs. Hoey, contemplates a visit to Europe during the "summer vacation," for the benefit of her health.

We have had horse, as well as Italian opera, and now, in turn, we are to be regaled with a dish of "dogography;" Mr. Blanchard, with his celebrated performing dogs, having just arrived here from Europe, is holding forth to the peanut eaters at the National. Talking about the boys, an effort is being made to induce the New York State Legislature to pass a law making it a misdemeanor to admit to any theatrical exhibition held in the evening, any minor under the age of 16 years, unless such minor is accompanied by, and in the care of, some adult person. The penalty for a violation of the law is a fine not exceeding $100, or imprisonment not less than 10 or more than 90 days, or both such fine and imprisonment. Children are in arms against this attempted curtailment of their rights.

The absolutely last farewell engagement of the Ravels is steadily progressing at Niblo's, and promises to continue for an indefinite period. Md'lle. Zanfretta has not had another fall since our last, an additional quantity of chalk having been affixed to her delicate understanding.

The indefatigable Laura Keene has revived Tom Taylor's play of "Plot and Passion," and threatens us with another revival "The Sea of Ice," which had such a run at Lawra's establishment last season. By the way, we see that Polly Marshall has seceded from the company at this house, not feeling disposed to compromise her "dignity and position" in the profession by essaying parts out of the line of her legitimate business. "Polly puts the kettle on" at Burton's now.

The business at Bryants continues excellent, and the attractions are in keeping with the demands of the times. Burlesque, in all its phases, laughable hits at men, manners, and the times, by the inimitable Jerry and Dan Bryant, exquisite ballads by Prandergast and Percival, and a number of other amusing and interesting features, contribute to make the entertainments at Bryants the most attractive we have ever had here in the Ethiopian drama. Strangers visiting the city never fail to visit Bryants, for it is one of the notable features of the great Empire City.

Tragedy having gone in owing to a proper want of appreciation on the part of the "peoples," comedy takes its place at Burton's; and to give proper effect to the various characters, another "combination of talent" has been called into requisition, whose names need only be mentioned to ensure success. They are as follows: John Brougham, (just returned from Washington) Mr. Burton, Mr. Walcot, C. Fisher, Mark Smith, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Setchell, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Moore, etc., and Miss Polly Marshall, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Hudson Kirby, from Boston, Mrs. Parker, and others. A capital array, which should shed as capital a ray of light on the countenance of the treasurer of those forces.

Lola Montez gave her last lecture in New York on the 10th. She has good reason to be proud of the change she has effected in making the head do what the legs used to. Her lectures have been quite profitable. Jobson and Schermerhorn are heard of no more, and are now numbered among the things of the past.

Starting out. The circus folks are tinkering away at their "running gear," preparatory to their annual summer tour among the rural belles and beaux of inland "towns, villages, boroughs," etc. Sands, Nathan & Co.'s, Circus commenced the travelling season at Brooklyn on the 12th. Lathrop and Burt are the clowns, and the "calliope" is one of the attachments. Six elephants, and a "number of other horses and performers," are in the train. With such a force, they can hardly fail to draw.

Lucille and Helen, the "fast stars," are doing so well at the Bowery that the management finds it unnecessary to change the programme, and the "Three Fast Men" still holds command of the stage, under the skilful guidance of the versatile and fascinating "Western Assistant." It is said that they go next to Philadelphia.

The Hutchinsons gave a concert on the 9th, with increased prices for reserved seats; this unstatesmanlike conduct was not acquiesced in by their constituents, and the entertainment was not what it might otherwise have been. Therefore, in obedience to the dictates of their own consciences, and the sovereign will of the free and enlightened citizens, the obnoxious feature has been thrown overboard, and, for the remainder of the series, as the bills inform us, "in order to prevent disturbance, and to give the democracy a fair chance and free fight, the price of tickets will be 25 cents to all parts of the house." This change will doubtless lead to other change.

The little man at the Museum, who was "four and a half feet high" last week, is now "nearly five feet in height," and still manages to get into the small box, at present of the size of "one square foot." Another moral drama is on for this week.

Justice Welsh has very properly notified Mr. Ullman that his contemplated masked balls cannot take place here, as such entertainments are contrary to certain city ordinances, and, therefore, will not be tolerated. We presume the little man will not render it necessary for the worthy judge to make his meaning still more explicit.

Matt Peel's Campbell Minstrels made their first appearance before a New York audience on Monday evening last, at 444 Broadway. The house was crowded, although the evening was stormy. Mr. Converse, the banjo player of the troupe, is said to be the most finished performer on that instrument we have had among us. We have not yet had an opportunity to visit the company, but will do so soon, and speak of the merits of the performers in our next.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

"STILL ANOTHER."—A new dramatic organization has taken place, bearing the illustrious name of "Byron," with Messrs. Warren and Perry as its "leading" officers. As this makes the fourth organization originating from the "OLD FOX CLUB," it is surprising that the latter maintains its existence; yet we learn that it was never in a more healthy condition. AMATEUR STAR.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The rumor concerning the conversion of Mr. Edwin Forrest obtains currency, and in Philadelphia, last week, it was stated that Mr. F. had preached a sermon in New York city. We contradict the story when the rumor first started, but the good folks will have it that he is "gone over." It was the Rev. Mr. Strickland, so some of former years, that held forth in New York city a week or two

since, and this probably gave rise to the report that Mr. Forrest had given in his experience in a "new line of business." The latter recently wrote to a friend in Cincinnati, saying, "having never been an apostle, I am not aware of being converted to religion."

The Howard Athenæum, Boston, having had a fair start, is beginning to lose the best of its company. Mr. James Bennett, who has been performing there for some time, commences an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 15th inst. It is said that the last steamer brought him the sad news of the death of an only brother, the Rev. Thomas Bennett, A. M., who expired Feb. 16th, at the age of fifty-five. By his will, Mr. James Bennett receives a handsome legacy. We hope the legacy part may prove true.

A Miss Lizzie Petit read "Romeo and Juliet," to a "refined and intellectual audience" at the National Hotel, Washington, last week.

Mrs. McMahon has been playing at the Pittsburgh Theatre. One of the critics out there says Mrs McM. "is a *kind-hearted* lady, entirely free from rant." Strongly suggestive of a "bequeathment."

A company under the direction of Mr. J. B Addis, is now performing at the Trenton (N. J.) Theatre. The following are the names of the company:—Messrs. Addis, Stearns, Brooks, Coleman, Murray, Meadones Proctor, Cappell, Misses Canadet, Jones. Mr. Jas Madison, Lie "Cast Iron Man," performed there last week for the benefit of Mr. S. P. Cornwell.

The Philadelphia National, just vacated by Dan Rice and his Show, will be re-opened on or about the 1st of May, under the direction of H. C. Jarratt, one of Burton's attaches. Jarratt is of the "sensation" school.

Actors and actresses are being converted by the scores—on paper. The Boston *Journal* mentions the case of a "man and his wife who have been several years upon the stage, who went to Newton to visit a friend, and soon both became interested in the revival, and especially in their own salvation; and, although the man then had a liberal offer to play in the National Theatre, he decided that the theatre and the church were far apart, and that he should no longer act in the former, but in the latter." Now, why not give us the names of these people? If they have really taken up their cross, they should not be ashamed and "hide their light under a bushel," but come out boldly, and over their proper names give in their experience. The truth of the matter is that two-thirds of these revival stories are got up to order, there being not even the shadow of truth about them. When will these Cantwells and Mawworms have done with their hypocrisy?

It is stated that Mr. J. L. Baker has lost $15,000 since he assumed the management of the Louisville and Cincinnati Theatres. Well, he has had the honor of being a manager, what more would he have?

When Miss Cushman was playing Lady Macbeth, recently, at one of the western theatres, in the Somnambulist scene, the taper which she held accidentally set her garments on fire, and without making the least change in her expression or movements, with the other hand she deliberately extinguished the flame before it attained sufficient sway to cause uneasiness from the audience.

The old Chicago Theatre is to be torn down, and stores erected in its place.

Miss Anna Vail, the vocalist, has formed a company, consisting of the Brothers Mollenhauer, violinists, and Herr Schreiber, the young pianist, and will soon give concerts in Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, Lynchburg, and other places in Virginia and the South.

"Thespis," of date April 7, thus speaks of Boston theatricals: "All our theatres in this city are in full blast, but it is rather doubtful whether they will remain long so, on account of lager beer and revivals. The National opened according to programme on the 5th inst., to not such a house as would be expected on an opening night, "but who can rule the uncertain chances of" theatricals—especially in this city? Thorne has a pretty good company, and some excellent scenery, but what of that when a theatre is about run out, and having a great many other things to contend against besides. The opening piece brought out is called "Nena Sahib, or Havelock's Last Victory," Old Spear plays a Yankee, and Harry Jordan (Jordan played at this theatre some five years ago, and was quite a favorite) plays a "darkie." Some of the papers, speaking of this theatre and company, wind up by saying, "We trust that Mr. Thorne's efforts will be appreciated," to which we say "Amen."....The Boston Theatre was closed on Monday evening, on account of the piece not being ready, but opened on Tuesday, the 6th, to a crowded house, which, of course, made the other places quite thin. The piece brought out at this establishment is "Jessie Brown, or the Relief of Lucknow," with Miss Agnes Robertson as the heroine. 'Tis thought greatly of in this locality. The original Nena Sahib being indisposed, it devolved upon one of the company to personate that renowned hero. The piece is put upon the stage in first-rate style, and cannot help bringing money into the treasury....The Howard is still doing a good business, and bids fair to be the leading establishment in the city, especially for comedy. Well, why should it not be? It is about the best located, and now that it is fitted up in first-rate style, and has a good company, it is bound to go it "root hog or die," and it has went "root hog," but not the die—nor does it intend to die, unless, from dire necessity, it has to succumb to the hard times, revivals, and lager bier. That "Editor with $5000," that was produced here last week, is not a very great affair. The piece has been eminently successful in gaining the applause of those who have witnessed its representation, but the plot is very slight, and not very artistic. It is to be played through the week, with the comedy of "The School for Scandal," which latter piece they make a great thing of at this temple of Thespis....At the Boston Museum, the "Jewess" did a fair business at first, but the folks soon got tired of it, and, after the first two nights, it began to drag. It is not brought out quite so good as formerly, and it being a second-hand affair it stands to reason it could not have a very great run. On the 12th inst. "Valentine and Orson" is to be produced. It was brought out at this place some two years ago, when it had a great run, and I dare say it will be brought out in as good style as then. They have to bestir themselves at the different places of amusement in order to do anything; they make quite a change at this place next season. Mr. E. F. Keach leaves for Philadelphia, and J. A. Smith is to take his place. "The Drunkard" is to be played the remaining part of this week...."Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels" are still doing a fine business, and are to leave in about a week to travel, an operation which they like better than being stationary, besides realising more funds, and having better fun in general....Brother Ordway is about to retire from the Negro singing business, and become an M. D. He has been studying medicine for some time."

Of affairs in Richmond, "Gus" thus holds forth, of date April 9th: "The long looked-for has come at last, "Aladdin;" it was produced on Monday evening to one of the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of this theatre, and nightly we have an equal number of anxious spectators to behold the magnificent production. Our theatre going public with one voice proclaim "Aladdin" to be the best "gotten up" spectacle that ever was produced in Richmond, and that is saying a great deal. The scenic artist, Joseph Parker, Esq., by his great skill and perseverance, has achieved the greatest conquest of any of his predecessors, in producing the beautiful scenery of "Aladdin." Were I to comment singly upon each scene I could fill a volume; he justly merits the approbation of our play-going community, as well as the heartfelt thanks of the management. The acting of the piece is excellent. Mr. Marden, as Abenazar, the Magician, is all that could be wished; Mr. C. Henri, as Kasrac, certainly excels any one that ever attempted to play the very difficult part of the dumb slave; his descent into the cavern of jewels, headlong, is terrific, and his performance throughout the whole piece is immense. Mr. Adams, as Alexis, does as much as any one could do with that indifferent part. Mrs. Phillips, as Aladdin, is, as she always is, pleasing and truthful in her delineations of anything that she undertakes. Mr. Parker, as Benmoursoff, and Mr. Bokee, as Ben Cassin, are excellent; the last named gentleman possesses a wonderful versatility of comic talent for "old men," and were he to pay attention to that line of business exclusively, he would soon become one of the leading "old men" of the country. The dancing of Md'lle Christine, Miss Jennie Hight, and Mrs. Adams, is exquisite, and adds greatly to the success of the piece. Mr. Phillips deserves great credit for the manner in which he manages the affairs of the stage. Of the dresses, they are superb, one and all. Miss Jennie Taylor, of the wardrobe, has eclipsed anything she ever before attempted; Mr. Warwick, of the property department, exhibited skill in producing the costly properties of the piece, which reflect great credit upon that urbane gentleman. Since writing the above, I have heard, and am sorry to record the death of little Charley Baker, son of Mrs. Sarah Baker, and grandson of old Papa Porter. May he rest in peace. The mother has the sympathy of the many friends she has made by her lady-like deportment.

'All that live must die,
Passing from nature to eternity.'"

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels are about to leave Boston on a tour. They are to appear soon in Philadelphia, at Sanford's saloon, the company attached to that place intending to take a trip westward.

The Cleveland theatre has been re-opened, with Couldock as the star. The Buffalo theatre has also put on the steam again, with Mr. and Mrs John Drew as the attractions.

Miss Alice Gray has been playing at the Providence theatre. Miss Maggie Mitchell succeeds her.

A few additional items concerning the movements of circuses is furnished by the Cincinnati Commercial of the 10th inst. "John Robinson, the proprietor of the International Circus and Menagerie, will commence the campaign with a tip-top company, at Williamsburg, next Thursday. * * L. B. Lent is daily expected from the East to advance matters for a speedy start of his combined New York and Philadelphia Circuses. * * The Messrs. Mable's Southern establishment is in Nashville, Tenn., to-day. * * Burt & Yankee Robinson will start from Noblesville, Ind., about the first of next month. They have a compact concern, which, under the name of the "Old Fashioned Circus," will be bound to take. * * Yankee Robinson will travel Westward with his original show. * * Orton & Older's Circus and Menagerie is on the eve of starting from Portage City. * * We stated last week that Sands & Nathan would start this season with two circuses. They will in effect have three, although but one will be under the name of the firm. They are largely interested in the concern traveling under the name of Bailey & Co., and also in G. L. Eldred's Circus and Menagerie."

Miss Matilda Heron was to have commenced an engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on Monday last.

Mrs. Bowers, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has brought out a novelty entitled "The Empire City; or New York Physically, Intellectually, and Liquor-ally Considered;" in which the follies, frauds and frailties of "that wicked city" are exposed with a perfect looseness, according to the ideas entertained thereof by a dweller in the Quaker City.

Mr. Kean Buchanan closed a brief engagement at the National, Cincinnati, on the 10th Mr. J. E. McDonough's complimentary benefit took place on the 12th.

The profession is looking up. Col. Wallace, editor of the Philadelphia *Sun* while that paper was a shining light, has been promoted, and is now managing Baker's theatre, Louisville. The handsome Adelaide was the recipient of a complimentary on the 2d, when the "Stars" shone out in all their dazzling beauty, and all that sort of thing.

Miss Agnes Robinson's engagement at the Boston Theatre will terminate next week, when she will proceed to Philadelphia, and open there on the 26th, at the Arch Street, introducing gentle Jessie Brown to the natives of that locality.

Mr. Chanfrau opened at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on Monday evening last. The theatres in that city have not been very extensively patronised this season.

A St. Louis paper of a recent date says:—"Charlotte Cushman is looked for here in a few days from Nashville, to attend to a matter of business growing out of her late engagement in Cincinnati and this city." Wonder what the trouble is? Charlotte is now in Nashville.

The receipts during the recent engagement of the Marsh Children, at New Orleans, (five weeks) are said to have reached $17,000. A nice little pile.

"The Son of the Night," by Miss Phillis Hodges, (a step-daughter of John Brougham) is now being played at the National, Boston.

Julia Dean Hayne, after the termination of her present engagement, will "lie up" for a short season, in order to prepare herself for a new part she is about to enact in the drama of "life". We trust the "responsibilities" of her new position may not prove too laborious.

A play, entitled, "Honest Men Do Still Exist," was lately brought out on the Russian stage, but it reflected so severely on the Russian officials that its performance was prohibited.

"Presents" seem to be the order of the day at present, probably to make up for a lack of patronage. Among the most recent, it is stated that Mrs. John Wood, during her engagement in San Francisco, was the recipient of a diamond cross, valued at $1000; Miss Avonia Jones, on the occasion of her benefit in New Orleans, was presented with a diamond bracelet, a richly wrought gold coronet, and a massive bouquet, composed of large, red, ripe strawberries, set in a circlet of beautiful flowers. Manager De Bar, at the close of his season in New Orleans, was presented by his company with a diamond brooch. We hope these presents have not done similar duty before, as in that case they will be the more esteemed by "the recipients of the same."

Spalding & Rogers, with sawdust and horse opera, have taken possession of Woods' Theatre, St. Louis.

Rumsel & Newcomb's Campbell Minstrels were at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, last week.

Managers are cautioned against performing, or using the title of the "Three Fast Men," as Mr. Wm. English has had the play copyrighted, according to law.

Carl Formes has been singing at the concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston. He has since appeared in Worcestor and Hartford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drew have left Cincinnati on a starring tour. Mr. and Mrs John Drew are on the same "dreadful lay."

Maretzak is giving a short season of opera in Washington.

An attempt was made to rob the residence of Mr. Clapp, in Boston, a few days ago. Mr. C is the author of the new play, "An Editor with $5,000," and it is supposed the thieves were after this "little treasure." They were unsuccessful, though, not being able to find the first red.

The dramatic season at the Mobile Theatre closed on the 8th, with the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Bland.

The "Mobilians" are down on the "Frezzolini," that lady having sadly disappointed them, owing to a "recent severe indisposition."

A new saloon under the title of the "Mozart Musical Hall," has lately been started, and is under the able management of our friend Billy Quai; it is decidedly the handsomest place of the kind in Philadelphia, the scenery, painted by Mr. A. Lewis, descriptive of a lake in Italy, is an admirable piece of workmanship; and together with the following troupe on hand are sure of success—which comprises the following: Miss Eckly Statlier, Miss Virginia Myers, Miss Ida White, Miss Ada Sinclair, and Miss Mary J. Johnson, danseuses. The male portion consists of Messrs. J. Neel, Ruthold, Kendall, and Joe Eckly. Old Bob Shepherd is on hand, and goes through his delineations of Old Bob Ridley, assisted by Bill Bloomer, the renowned banjo player. * * * Harvey Johnson and Bob Edwards are doing up the Nigger business at the Military Hall. * * * The champion dance, as announced to take place at the Kossuth, only partly came off, as Messrs. Lee and Leslie failed to put in an appearance in consequence of the wet night. The beneficiary, Fatty Stewart, weighing 278 pounds, contested alone for the prize, and won it easy, which was duly presented to him by Dan Parker, in one of "*them there*" speeches. The goblet, supposed to be a mammoth affair, was made out of the tin foil originally belonging to a paper of fine cut tobacco. Fatty intends placing his among other relics of note.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wallack were playing at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wood were in Sacramento.

J. P. Addams, usually styled Yankee Addams, and Miss Rowena Granice were married in Sacramento on the 5th of March.

The "Lyceum," a new hall for dramatic representations, in San Francisco, was opened March 13, with Miss Albertine as the principal attraction.

CANINE.

FRANK AND CRIB.—The fight between Harry Jennings' red dog Frank and John Gerkin's black and white dog Cribb, for $100 a side, came off on Tuesday night, April 6, at 49 Madison street. Both dogs were confined to 33 lbs each, and the condition in which they were brought to the scratch reflected great credit on their respective trainers. The betting at the commencement was in favor of Cribb, 10 to 7, and in some instances 10 to 5 being laid on him, odds which those parties who were acquainted with the staunch gameness of Frank took freely. Cribb made all the fighting for the first hour and a half, and it seemed any odds in his favor; he punishing his opponent severely, and receiving heavily in return. *Two hours and forty-five minutes* elapsed before a turn was taken, both dogs being much exhausted by the fast fighting. Frank scratched boldly, as also did Cribb in his turn, but the former now became the favorite in the betting, his unflinching gameness exciting general admiration, and Cribb now receiving the lion's share of punishment. In the next turn, Frank again scratched as eagerly as at the first, and the fight was now evidently a certainty for him. When the next turn was taken, Cribb refused to face the music, and thus, after one of the best battles ever witnessed, lasting *two hours and fifty five minutes*, Frank was declared the victor. Cribb has since died from the heavy punishment he received. The winner was handled by his owner, Harry Jennings, and Cribby by Mr. John Marriott, who also trained him.

Frank, the winner of this capital fight, was sired by Old Red Jack of Brooklyn, and littered by John McMann's slut Penny. He is full brother to Lew and Whiskey. The former fought the longest battle on record, with Glasgow Billy, lasting 5 hours and 23 min. Whiskey, who was recently defeated by Chalfers' Jack, after fighting 3 hours and 41min. Frank has only fought once in public before, viz: with Mr. Chalfers' Jack, in which he received the money. He was formerly the property of Mr. Jake Roome. Frank has since died.

A GREAT HANDICAP RAT MATCH will come off at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Monday evening, April 26th, when a handsome silver goblet will be given to the dog that kills his rats in the shortest space of time. The dogs will be fairly handicapped as follows: Dogs not exceeding 10 pounds weight, to kill 4 rats each; dogs not exceeding 15 pounds, to kill 5 rats each; dogs not exceeding 21 pounds, to kill 6 rats each. H. J will also introduce his little extraordinary black tan terrier, not exceeding the extraordinary weight of two pounds, which will destroy 5 rats on this occasion, and the dog that draws it in the quickest time will be awarded a handsome collar. There will be several interesting set-to's during the evening between Bull and Crib, Yankee Sullivan and a Williamsburgh dog, Major at Hoboken Crib, Sirus and Lad, Spring and Captain, Little Benney and Paul; and the wind-up will be between Little Nelley and Gipsy. H J. will also introduce his celebrated dog Frank, (if living), brother to Lew who fought the longest battle on record—time, 5 hours 27 minutes—and brother to Whiskey, whose fight lasted 3 hours 45 minutes. Frank's name on this occasion is acknowledged as the longest but the gamest on record, vanquishing a terrific and determined opponent in 2 hours and 57 minutes. H. J. will have a good supply of rats for gentlemen to try their little dogs. Dogs entered for the cup must be weighed by seven o'clock, and commence killing at eight. Entrance for the cup free, and rats free. Admission 25 cents.

ANGLER.—A well attended rat match took place at the house of E. Gussedyer, corner of Locust and Quince streets, Philadelphia, on Thursday, 8th inst. There was a large and most respectable company present, and good humor and order characterized the whole proceedings. The preliminaries had not been gone through until 9 o'clock, on account of the dog Jim, (Gledhill's,) a scruple having arisen as to the superiority of the dog over the others, believing as they did that he should kill seven rats to five of any other dog. The owner could not agree to this, but was willing to take six: the dog Jim was consequently ruled out; shortly after this, all hands descended to the pit to witness the sport, which commenced with the slut Minie, five rats, 52 seconds, the other four being allowed the same; dog Count, 1:10; slut Fan, No 1, 23 sec.; slut Fan, No 2 1:08; slut Qua, 1:03; slut Flirt, (pup.) two rats, 43 sec.; slut Mink, three rats 1sec.; the little pup Blink, only twelve weeks old, and weighing something over a pound, was pitted against one rat, and killed it as systematically as many an old stager. We witnessed a second trial of this little rat-killer, and were much surprised and pleased at the manner in which the little one put the quietus on the rat. This match between the five dogs was for a silver mounted morocco collar, and was won by the slut Fan, No. 1. The time, as given by the appointed time-keeper, Dr. Mitchell, is correct in every instance, and was concurred in by all present. A lively treat may be expected on Thursday next.

CHALLENGE.—In the last issue of the CLIPPER I notice that Mr. P. Grace intimates his willingness to make a match to fight my dog Spring, 32 lbs.—the fight to come off in New York. I cannot determine Mr G's reason for wishing to go to New York; but I will state for his information, that I will fight my dog Spring against any dog that he (Graves) or Mr. Hugh Magill, or any other of his friends can raise—don't care in what part of the world they may find him—at 30 lbs give or take a pound, for as much money (over $100) as they may see fit. I would also say that I will not go to N. Y. or any other place out of Massachusetts. If it will suit these gentlemen, I will pay half the expense of a private pit in this city or vicinity of Boston, where we can have as good a fight as if we went a thousand miles from home. If Mr. Grace means business, let him show his pluck now, and not blow so much in future. WILLIAM QUIGLEY.

P. S.—I am ready to match Mr. O'Deer's cur Blucher, at 32 lbs., for $200 side. I can be seen at 18 Chelsea-place, Charlestown, at any time. WILLIAM QUIGLEY.

DANGER AND SPRING.—Dominick Bradley has matched his dog Danger, catch weight, against Girard House dog Spring, for $50 a side, to come off at Mr. Harrity's pit, Franklin street, above Seventh, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, April 16th.

HUGH AND CRIB.—We understand that McNulty's dog Hughy, and Thomas Chaffer's dog Crib, at 26 lb. weight, are matched to fight for one hundred dollars a side, to come off on the 6th May, at McLaughlin's, 165 First Avenue.

RAT KILLING.—On Monday, 5th, a rat match came off at the house of J. Gledhill, Front above Franklin, Philadelphia, for a silver chain collar, for all dogs under 23 lbs.; but four dogs contended for the prize, allowing each five rats apiece, and which was won by the slut Nettle; the names of the others are, slut Vic., 1 min. 1 sec.; slut Nettle, 42 sec.; slut Jane, 1:08; dog Jim, (Gledhill's,) 55 sec. The slut Venus was afterwards put in the pit with three rats, which she killed in 45 sec.; then the slut Vic., five rats, 34 sec. We trust that the proprietor, on another occasion like the above, may procure the services of an unbiassed time-keeper, for we overheard a certain individual tell the time-keeper to let his slut win. Such contemptible business as that should not pass unnoticed.

FIGHT BETWEEN BILLY AND SAM.—On Thursday night, April 8th, the fight for $100 a side between Mr. Dan Jenkinson's white dog Billy, and Mr. James McLaughlin's red dog Sam, 29 lbs. weight, came off at the house of the latter, 165 First Avenue. Both dogs were in first-rate condition, and there was considerable speculation on the fight, Sam being the favorite at slight odds. It was an excellent battle, Sam having decidedly the advantage for the first three quarters of an hour, when a change in the state of affairs took place, and Billy assumed the mastery, and never allowed his opponent a chance of success afterwards. After fighting one hour and twenty-five minutes, Sam, in his turn to scratch, refused, and the fight was awarded to Billy.

CHALLENGE.—I will fight my dog Mac against the blind maker's slut Touch, for $100 or $300, in four weeks from the first deposit, either at 26 lbs. or catch weight. If the above is not accepted, I will match my slut Rose against the slut Touch for the same amount, at 24 or 26 lbs., or catch weight. If neither are accepted, I hope to hear no more assertions that I backed down against his slut. A match can be made at the house of John Harrity, Franklin street, above Seventh, on Saturday evening, April 10th. FANCY.

Philadelphia, April 5th, 1858.

P. S.—I will fight the slut Rose, from $25 upwards, merely to accommodate the blind-maker.

CHALLENGE.—As Jacob Roome feels anxious to test the qualifications of his dogs Rumblee and Mingo, I will accommodate him with either or both of them; I will fight a 24 pound dog against Rumblee, the same weight; or I will fight my dog One Eye Jack against his dog Mingo, neither dog to exceed 21 or 21¼ pounds weight; or, I will fight One Eye Jack, 22 pounds weight, against the dog Crack, even weight, or I will take a pound for his eye and fight him against any other dog in the States, for one or two hundred dollars a side. A match can be secured by forwarding $25 or $50 to the editor of the CLIPPER. HARRY JENNINGS.

THE SHEEPDOG AND SPRING.—On Wednesday (April 6th) a turn-up for $50 a side, between Mr. Jake Roome's brindled dog Young Spring and Mr. J. McMahon's red "Sheepdog," came off at 140 Church street. As this was an impromptu affair, the dogs were not in the best of condition for fighting, Spring in particular being too heavy, and over his proper weight. After some good fighting had been shown on both sides, a turn was taken, and Spring refused to scratch. The Sheepdog was consequently declared the winner after fighting 19 minutes. Betting was in favor of the "Sheepdog" from the commencement.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. Jake Roome will match his dog Old Spring against Mr. John McMahon's black and tan dog, at 26 lbs. weight, for from $100 to $500 a side. He thinks it ridiculous, if Johnny really means fighting and not blowing, to ask a pound of any dog; he will however match Old Spring against him for the above amount, although he has a broken tusk, and is suffering, as J. McM. well knows, from rheumatism.

We think those two parties, now that both their challenges are published together, will be able to come to terms.

SIKESEY AND IRISH JACK.—A match has been made between Mr. J. McMahon's brindle and white dog Sikesey and Harry Jennings' brindle and white Waterford dog Irish Jack, at 30 lbs. weight, for $200 a side, to fight in New York on the 24th of May next. We have received $50 a side on account of this match, the next deposit to be made in our hands on the 27th of April, and the final deposit of $100 a side on the day of fighting.

CORRECTION.—Harry Jennings' brindle slut is to kill 50 rats against a gentleman's Scotch dog at 50 rats, for $25 a side, to come off on Monday next, April 19th, instead of April 12th, as stated in our last, at Harry Jennings' Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street.

CHALLENGE.—Johnny McMahon has a 25½ lb. dog which he will fight against any dog of Mr. Jake Roome's, at the same weight, for any sum from $200 to $500 a side. A match can be made at 391 Bowery, at any time.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. John McMahon will match his black and tan dog against any 26 lb. dog in the country, for $200 a side, and as much more as parties may desire.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. J. Roome will fight his young red dog Mingo, at 20½ lbs weight, against Johnny McMahon's 19½ lb. dog, for $100 a side, in three or four weeks from the time of first deposit.

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